

## Foreign Ministers at London

Since the deputies of the Foreign Ministers were unable to agree on the subjects to be discussed or their order of discussion, there was no formal agenda for Messrs. Marshall, Bevin, Molotov and Bidault when they met for the second time in two years at Lancaster House in London. But events have been making their own agenda for the Ministers and will compel decisions of one kind or another. A treaty with "liberated" Austria is long overdue, the chief obstacle being the inability of the Four to agree on a definition of "German assets." One welcome surprise would be a decision on this point, though at the moment neither side shows any signs of giving in to the other. But Germany is knocking even louder than Austria and, while American sources in London threw cold water on the suggestion that a separate peace might be negotiated with a Western Germany, it was perfectly clear that, failing to get agreement on economic unity for Germany, as provided for at Potsdam but never achieved, the United States and Great Britain would proceed to strengthen the economies of their zones and integrate them into the European Recovery Plan. Despite fears over a revival of German industry, France will probably join us in this plan. The Soviet Union for its part appeared anxious, as the Council opened on November 25, to have a finger in Western Germany, particularly in the Ruhr. Experts were predicting that the Soviet Foreign Minister would propose a form of centralized German government which would give the USSR some control of the life of Western Germany and enable it both to sabotage the Marshall plan and to make the Soviet Union appear the patron of a united Germany. But notwithstanding Molotov's talent for astute negotiation, it was agreed in London that the Western Powers possessed the initiative.

## Republicans and prices

At a meeting held behind closed doors on November 21, the Senate Republican Conference dealt, in the words of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a "stinging rebuke" to Senator Robert Taft. What irritated some of his colleagues was the Senator's failure to distinguish between Mr. Taft, chairman of the Senate policy committee, and Mr. Taft, candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Thus, in his intemperate and completely negative attack on President Truman's program for curbing inflation, the Senator from Ohio left his radio audience with the impression that it was listening to the official Republican line. At this assumption of authority, Mr. Baldwin of Connecticut and Mr. Flanders of Vermont were reported especially incensed. The two Senators are members of a subcommittee of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, and only recently, after extensive hearings on the inflationary situation in the East,

recommended a program that bore many similarities to Mr. Truman's suggestions. Mr. Taft's defense—that his speech reflected the policy adopted at the beginning of the 80th Congress by the Senate Republican Conference—was not deemed acceptable, and Messrs. Flanders and Baldwin left the meeting with the assurance that the Republicans would soon offer a positive program to curb the cost of living. The political wisdom of adopting this constructive approach was emphasized last week by the most recent figures on living costs compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Its Consumer Price Index rose 2.2 per cent from mid-August to mid-September, and reached the record high of 163.8 per cent of the 1935-39 base period. Senators Baldwin and Flanders realize that if the Republicans are to win in 1948, something more is needed than criticism of the President's anti-inflation program. If the Republicans are opposed to parts of that program, they must offer a constructive alternative or suffer the penalty at the polls. Without doubt, the high cost of living is the biggest political issue of the day.

## The Schuman cabinet

For the seventh time since the liberation of Paris, France had a new cabinet last week. After the fall of the Ramadier government and the failure of Léon Blum to win a vote of confidence, President Auriol turned to the 61-year-old Popular Republican, Robert Schuman. Supported by all groups in the Assembly except the Communists, the former Minister of Finance in the Ramadier cabinet quickly gathered a team and prepared to deal with the mounting French crisis. With inflation spreading rapidly and the communist-dominated labor unions, in all probability under orders from Moscow, calling a succession of paralyzing strikes, it was doubtful whether Mr. Schuman, despite his great talents and admitted integrity, would be able to save the situation. The day for compromise and temporizing is past, and the Schuman cabinet, which is largely the Ramadier cabinet under a new head, is merely a last desperate attempt to steer the ship of state between the Communists and the growing forces of General de Gaulle. A final showdown cannot be much longer postponed, the Communists, by their open efforts to sabotage the Economic Recovery Program, having already made certain of that. The question is not whether the Schuman government will last, but how long it will last. Some day, and it may be very soon, President Auriol will be forced to bow to circumstances and the will of the French people and call de Gaulle to power. When that time comes, it would not be surprising to see the Popular Republicans and many of the Socialists throw in their lot with the man they have up to now strongly opposed. The Communists have done much these past few weeks to promote the national unity which alone can save France.

## UNESCO at Mexico City

The second general assembly of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization got under way at Mexico City on November 6, with M. Jacques Maritain, chairman of the French delegation and acting president (for M. Léon Blum) of the assembly, in the chair. President Miguel Alemán welcomed the delegates to Mexico with the warning that science and warfare would surely destroy world civilization unless they were diverted to constructive peacetime uses by educational and cultural influences. And M. Maritain charged UNESCO "not to deceive this great hope of a world profoundly desirous of peace, whose problems can be resolved only by passing from the purely material approach to the international and human approach." When the assembly convened, it had thirty-two members, but on the second day four were added: Italy, Switzerland, Hungary and Austria. Thereafter a good many days were spent in arguing over UNESCO's budget for 1948, which in the end was set at \$8 million. When debate was opened on November 11 on the program for 1948, the Polish and Czechoslovak delegates seized the occasion to second Mr. Vishinsky's accusations against the United States of war-mongering and of "irresponsible freedom of misinformation." But others, too, thought that the United States was using UNESCO to "impose its culture on the world through the use of all the technical facilities at its disposal and by exploiting American participation in UNESCO activities." Thus spoke Great Britain's J. B. Priestley. Which prompts the observation—read between the lines of reports from Mexico City—that the United States has entered into UNESCO so enthusiastically and with such a vast number of representatives and observers as to seem set on dominating the assembly. Despite Mr. Benton's assertion that this is not so, the suspicion of our money and our numbers (not to mention our films, comics and radio!) persists. UNESCO's 1948 program must be decided on within the next week. It will then be possible to gauge what progress has been made toward the practical realization of its goals.

## GM stumbles

As a classic example of how not to conduct labor relations, we commend the recent announcement by the General Motors Corporation of a new group-insurance plan open to all its employes. Not that there is any objection to social-security schemes which give workers some protection against the hazards of life. On the contrary, they have become a desirable and even necessary feature

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of modern industrial life. But workers are human beings, adult human beings, and they like to be consulted on plans affecting their welfare *before*, not after, the plans are made. They do not want schemes that are first adopted by the employer and then offered to them, with no matter what lordly generosity, on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. And if they have designated a union to represent them in their dealings with the employer, they resent any effort made to by-pass it. When, therefore, GM President C. E. Wilson announces to the world that, for the good of its workers, the corporation has decided on a change in its insurance plan, he is waving a big red flag in the face of every one of his employes who happens to be also a loyal, dues-paying member of the United Auto Workers. The reaction of the UAW to this unilateral announcement was, of course, immediate and hostile. It strikes us that any management which could not have foreseen such a result must be deficient in ordinary common sense, which GM decidedly is not. Can it possibly be, then, that GM is not yet reconciled to strong, independent unionism? Or is it merely that the corporation's top brass just can't bring themselves to deal civilly with a young fellow named Walter Reuther?

## Captain Ireland on Ireland

A hard-headed Ulster Protestant businessman, Capt. Denis Ireland, has set himself the task of convincing his fellow Protestants in Ulster, and the British Government and anyone else whom it may concern, that the partition of Ireland, engineered by Lloyd George and Churchill in 1921, is bad business any way you look at it. Captain Ireland himself has deeper and less mercenary motives for working to end Partition, the chief of which, we suspect, is that he feels his kinship with McCracken, Hope, Neilson, the Orrs and all the Ulster Protestants who in the late eighteenth century fought and died for an independent Ireland. But he is willing to go in by the businessman's door, if he can bring him out by his own door. He is by no means pessimistic about the future in Ireland. For one thing, the classic Orange creed of "To hell with the Pope" is too close an echo of Moscow for the comfort of either industrialists or working people in the Six Counties. Again, the traditionally Tory politicians of the North are casting uneasy glances at the goings-on of the Labor Government in what they like to think of as their spiritual "mother country." In terms of pounds, shillings and pence, the Six Counties produce three times as much per capita as Great Britain; how much nicer it would be if this did not have to be tossed into the general pool to be diluted (in terms of dollar purchasing power) by the lower efficiency of the British working man. Here is where Captain Ireland feels that he can sell the idea of the economic unity of Ireland to the canny Belfast businessmen. After all, it has been said that their loyalty to the Crown may be tempered by an even deeper loyalty to the half-crown. To the British Government (and he doesn't mind if the American Government listens in), the Captain points out that World War II showed clearly the almost impossible problems of defense caused by Partition. A divided Ireland can never be properly integrated

into the Atlantic defense; a united Ireland would certainly find it to her advantage to cooperate with Britain and the United States in one common defense scheme for the western ocean. If the United States has been listening, Captain Ireland thinks that its strategists might well urge upon Great Britain that it take steps to mend this weak joint in the Atlantic armor. No one benefits by the partition of Ireland except a small group of bigoted and selfish politicians in Belfast.

### **How communist riots happen**

If you have been wondering how it comes about that the generally level-headed and cautious common people of France and Italy can be whipped up to a frenzy of rioting and sabotage by what is, after all, a relatively small group of avowed communists, some figures from Poland, through the Inter-Catholic Press Agency, may help solve the puzzle. That news service, under date of Nov. 19, states that at the meeting which launched the Cominform Andrei Zhdanov, while demanding a speed-up of the training of communist agitators, called "Marxist activists," revealed that Italy is pockmarked by 79 schools engaged in such training; that France has 67, Poland 43 and five "higher" schools, Finland 43 and Albania 21. Polish students who prove their ability will be sent to Russia and Czechoslovakia for studies at still higher levels, and will then infiltrate into youth and workers' organizations, into industry and the schools. Italy and France obviously have been high on the preferential list of communist activity; if the Marshall plan saves those countries from communism—and we think it will—we shall have been given clear proof that, despite devilish ingenuity and unflagging effort to corrupt them, free men, if not driven by hunger and misery, will still choose freedom. It would be interesting, by the way, to have the FBI tell us how many schools for "Marxist activists" are fostered in the United States by the Communist Party.

### **Soviet black market in Germany**

The existence of a highly developed black-market system, organized and run by an official Soviet "corporation," was disclosed by United States officials in Berlin. Labeled by the Germans "the black reparations agency," the group is not affiliated with the Soviet Military Administration in Germany, but is directly responsible to the Ministry of Foreign Trade in Moscow. The apparent purpose of the agency is to amass American dollars and other hard currencies in the highly-inflated Soviet zone of Germany. Known officially as the "Rasno Export Agency," the "corporation" is said to control the production of about 13,000,000 cigarettes daily, an estimated fifty per cent of which is fed into the Berlin and Soviet Zone black market. Since it is responsible, too, for German exports to foreign countries, the agency is also involved in the sale of leather goods, toys, watches, textiles, surgical instruments, glassware and other merchandise produced in the Soviet zone. These it ostensibly buys with profits from its black-market deals in cigarettes. In Berlin alone a Rasno warehouse sells its cigarettes in units of 10,000 or more for United States dollars,

Swiss francs, gold pieces and bars, and diamonds. In some cases it accepts *Reichsmarks* for cigarettes, but at the black-market rate of 160 *Reichsmarks* to the dollar. The agency's personnel are uniformed Soviet soldiers, headed by a colonel. Furthermore, an official investigation revealed that the cigarettes are manufactured in Saxony from Oriental tobacco, and are paid for in inflated *Reichsmarks*. The agency manages to get the foreign exchange by distributing cigarettes to regular German dealers in the Soviet sector of Berlin. The retailers in turn sell them more or less openly on the black market with Soviet approval. Since none of the Rasno brands carries German tobacco-tax stamps, which are compulsory under the Control Council law, German officials complain about the large loss of revenue. All known protests on the part of the German financial administration to the Soviet authorities have remained unanswered.

### **Casting bread on the water**

The current tiff between Mr. Truman and Harold E. Stassen, Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, on whether this country ought to continue shipping heavy machinery and machine tools to Russia, goes deeper than a mere political squabble and takes on new significance because of this week's news from Austria. It is more than a squabble because it touches deeply on the consistency of our foreign policy. It is quite true that a good case can be made that we are honor-bound to continue UNRRA shipments and lend-lease exports, to which we were committed before the present Russian uncooperation. But during the past nine months those two sources accounted for only \$48 million of the \$113,700,000 worth of goods sent to Russia. It is also true that Russia needs machines for her reconstruction. But it strikes us that Mr. Stassen, in holding for an embargo on such exports, has much the better of the debate. His points are: Russia has refused to cooperate in the control of atomic energy, and many of the machines going to her could be used in its development; Russia has refused to enter the program for Europe's rebuilding, and the machines are needed in the rest of Europe as much as in Russia; Russia has interfered with the flow of machinery and steel between eastern and western Europe and has thus worsened the plight of the West; the Communist Parties in France and Italy, under Russian urging, are stirring up strikes and riots to hamper reconstruction; Russia has accused us of war-mongering; and, last:

No one can be confident of the future course of Russian foreign policy under these circumstances, and our Government should not take any action which could contribute to the building of a communist war machine.

The newly revealed situation in Austria strengthens these points. There the Russians have established a virtual monopoly over scrap-iron. With this as a bludgeon, they force factories, even in the western zones, to turn over to them all finished metal work. Is this Russian passion for tools and machines motivated only by a patriotic desire to rebuild? In refusing to embargo shipments to Russia, are we really casting bread on the water? Or are we, as

we did with Japan before Pearl Harbor, sending abroad New York's Third Avenue El to be dropped back on us as shells and bombs? Mr. Truman ought to answer that question first.

### Appeals to the United Nations

In recent months several weighty protests have been addressed to the United Nations in the name of human rights. Because they originated with private persons or groups, these appeals were not officially acknowledged by the Secretary General; and they became, in effect, simply open letters to the United Nations. There is no proper provision at Lake Success for the handling of such petitions, beyond mere filing; and if they assume the appearance of propaganda campaigns, the fault must be shared by the Organization for refusing all direct access to it by private persons or groups. The right to petition one's government for relief of grievances is almost certain to be included in the Declaration of Human Rights being currently elaborated at the Geneva meeting of the UN Human Rights Commission. The Commission will sorely disappoint the hopes placed in it if it fails to extend this right to include the right of petition to the United Nations. The latest incident in point is the protest of the Lithuanian Legation in Washington, charging the Soviet Union with the attempted liquidation of the Lithuanian people and culture, through wholesale arrests, deportations and dispersals. This is genocide, the extermination of a cultural group, declared by the General Assembly this year and last year to be an international crime. The allegations of the Lithuanian Legation are well substantiated and merit examination; yet, unless some UN Member sponsors the petition, nothing will come of it. (Since the Lithuanian Legation is recognized only in Washington, the petition has not been considered as that of a qualified petitioner, i.e. a state with full sovereignty.) The Commission on Human Rights will justify its existence if it prevails on the General Assembly to implement in its own procedures the human right of petition. Meanwhile we hope that some Member of the United Nations, in the name of human rights and fundamental freedoms, will take this appeal of a dying nation before the Little Assembly.

### The Court and the Communists

The contempt citations voted by Congress against ten witnesses in the Hollywood hearings who refused to say whether they were, or ever had been, members of the Communist Party have started a train of litigation that will doubtless end up in the Supreme Court. Two previous cases involving membership in the Communist Party, both tried before the Supreme Court, come immediately to mind—the Schneiderman case (1943) and the Bridges case (1945). In the former case, there was no doubt about Schneiderman's adherence to the Party. The Government sought to revoke his naturalization, granted in 1927, on the grounds that he belonged to a party that advocated the violent overthrow of the Government of the United States. The Court, speaking through Justice Murphy, held that the communist program did not nec-

essarily mean the violent overthrow of our Government. It could be construed to mean that the Communists were seeking to achieve power by democratic methods, but were prepared to use violence if threatened with it by opposing parties. The Court required, moreover, some proof of overt acts which would show that Schneiderman actually did advocate the overthrow of the Government by force. The Government could not satisfy the Court on this point, and Schneiderman retained his citizenship. The Bridges case hinged on whether it had actually been proved that Bridges was a member of the Party or affiliated with it. The Court held that the evidence of the Government's key witnesses had been improperly received, and quashed the deportation order against the petitioner. It did not address itself to the question whether the Communist Party advocates the overthrow of the Government by force. If it does so, it is clearly illegal; just as illegal as a party which advocated the assassination of the President. In the present contempt cases, the Court will have to pass on the authority of the Congress to require an answer to the question: "Are you or have you been a member of the Communist Party?" That would seem to involve the further question whether the Congress is inquiring about a perfectly legal activity (which communism is at present) or about membership in a conspiracy to overthrow our republican form of government. We trust that the Court will give due weight to this consideration and recognize the Communists for what they really are.

### Most Rev. James Hugh Ryan, D.D.

It was noticed at the recent meeting of the American hierarchy in Washington that Archbishop James H. Ryan of Omaha was not well. Nevertheless his death on November 23 was sudden and unexpected. In his sixty years—thirty-eight of them as priest, twelve as bishop and two as archbishop—Archbishop Ryan held many important offices and was the competent spokesman in many a controversy affecting the good estate of the Church. He was professor of philosophy at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana and at the Catholic University in Washington, executive secretary of NCWC, 1920-28, Rector of the Catholic University of America, 1928-35. While still Rector of the Catholic University, he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Modra in 1933 and two years later was transferred to the See of Omaha, becoming Archbishop in 1945 when the See was raised to an archbishopric. For the past two years Archbishop Ryan was Episcopal Chairman of the NCWC Department of Education, a post which his active educational experience qualified him to fill with distinction. Author in 1924 of *An Introduction to Philosophy*, Archbishop Ryan wrote a considerable number of books, pamphlets and articles on philosophy, education and the papal encyclicals and peace programs. Only recently the NCWC published his able exposition of *Moral Values in American Education*. The loss of his eminently wise leadership in the episcopacy and in the apostolate of education will be keenly felt. God grant him the reward of his full and laborious days in the service of the Church in America.

## Washington Front

While Congress readied itself to bi-partisan action on "stop-gap" aid to Europe, it was also in leisurely fashion considering the Marshall plan, now called the European Recovery Program (ERP)—which, in the interests of semantics, it should have been called from the beginning. By common consent, enactment of ERP seems to have been put off until March, and there also seems to be agreement that appropriations for it will be only for one year at a time, the idea being that then we will be able to see how it "works."

These two decisions involve serious risks, even greater risks than ERP itself. First of all, the heart of the program is self-help by Europe, with our assistance, and self-help involves mutual help and a united economic effort by the sixteen nations. By March, nine months will have passed without the European nations actually doing anything to help each other, waiting on our word to start. And there is the added uncertainty in their minds about just what form our aid will take.

The whole point about the program was its psychological effect. The principal trouble with Europe is apathy, uncertainty and fear, and the paralysis of leadership by reason of these three factors. Now nothing will be done until March, and probably much later, depending on

the time it takes to "mount" the program. It is a serious question whether the stamina of Europe will stand the waiting. Stop-gap aid is only holding up the cripple until we can put up a machine for him to work on; it doesn't make him work.

The Cominform has declared open war on the program, and the outlines of its campaign are becoming clear. The Soviet Union can read in our newspapers that it has at least five months in which to work. The strikes it is fomenting everywhere have the obvious purpose of slowing down production, so that when the program does get into operation, they will have left Western Europe at a much lower level at which to start. This will seriously affect the calculations of the various American committees that have prepared data for Congress and the program itself.

Moreover, it is more than likely that American prices will have risen even higher by March, unless something is done about them (as seems improbable at present), and so the cost of the program will have risen, or if the same figures are kept, so much the fewer goods will be used. Altogether, it seems an unfortunate decision that the program will be authorized only after nine long months have elapsed.

Of course, Congress must study the problem and Congressmen must make speeches. But surely Congress is no less well informed than the rest of the country, and the speeches will add absolutely nothing to all that has been published on the terribly pressing need for action.

WILFRID PARSONS

## Underscorings

To the up-to-date information on new Catholic men's colleges chronicled in this column on November 1 and 8, add the following about St. Michael's College, which the Brothers of the Christian Schools opened this fall at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Actually, since 1859 the Brothers have conducted what was known as St. Michael's College in Santa Fe, but instruction was limited to the grade-school and high-school levels. The high school continues in its present location, and for the new college the Brothers have acquired from the War Assets Administration a campus of 126 acres on the outskirts of Santa Fe, along with some 48 buildings which formerly were part of the Bruns General Hospital. These buildings are being remodeled for college purposes. Registration this year was limited to the first two college years; a junior class will be added in 1949 and a senior class in 1950. The present enrollment, mainly freshman, is 175, eighty per cent of which is made up of veterans. Attached to the college is a training school for the Christian Brothers, which formerly functioned as Sacred Heart College in Las Vegas. Brother Benildus, F.S.C., is president of St. Michael's.

► Although the centenary of the Christian Brothers' edu-

cational work in the United States occurred in 1945, the celebration of the event was postponed because of the war to the present school year, 1947-48. Several phases of the Brothers' apostolate will be highlighted in "Underscorings" during the coming months. But in connection with the new St. Michael's, it may be noted that it is the fifth college in charge of the Christian Brothers, the others being La Salle College, Philadelphia; Manhattan College, New York; St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn.; and St. Mary's College, Oakland, Calif.

► Conversions in Japan have increased notably since the war, but do not indicate anything like a mass movement. For example, adult baptisms, which in 1939 numbered 1,491, increased to 3,159 in 1947. There has been a greater gain in the number of adults under instruction—9,064 from June, 1946 to July, 1947, as compared with 1,975 in 1939. The chief centers of conversions are Tokyo, Hiroshima, Kyoto and Sendai. NCWC correspondent, Father Patrick O'Connor, S.S.C., estimates that Catholics in Japan number about 120,000.

► The seventh issue of *Ursuline Tradition and Progress*, "an annual publication instituted to help develop the literary gift among the members of the Ursuline Order," contains a dozen interesting papers on literature, sociology, philosophy, journalism and education. A guest article, "The Tradition of Reason," was contributed by Father Charles A. Hart as a tribute to the golden jubilee of Mother Agatha, O.S.U., the editor. A.P.F.

# Editorials

## *The priest and the farm*

*Life* magazine some time ago ran a series of pictures showing the odyssey of a cigarette in occupied Germany. Given by a GI to a taxi-driver (we are quoting from a memory vague in detail but clear on the idea), it went from the taxi-driver to a grocer, and by way of a shoemaker and a tailor (with perhaps a stop-over at the butcher's, the baker's and the candlestick-maker's) it finally reached a farmer. The farmer smoked the cigarette, thereby underlining an important social principle. He didn't need to go to anybody for the essentials of life; everybody must at last come to him.

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference, which held its annual meeting last week at Lafayette, La., fully understands that principle. The nation cannot be healthy when the farm is ailing. And that holds not only in the material sphere of food, clothing and shelter, but, since the cities are recruited from the farms (they cannot reproduce themselves), it holds in the moral sphere as well. The Rural Life Conference, therefore, as Cardinal Stritch said in addressing it, is a religious program and does not confine itself merely to offering an opportunity for the study of farm problems.

While, however, religion is an indispensable part of the rural-life apostolate, it should not be thought that the Church has nothing to say about the social and economic problems of the farm community. The Cardinal stressed this in taking an attitude opposed to "those who would have the Church restrict its teachings to religion." In fact, he pointed out, for the Church to restrict itself to moral generalities would in some sort be a dereliction of its duty: "religion can aid and abet secularism by refusing to interpret Christian ideals and the moral law in terms of the daily experience of men."

Cardinal Stritch was therefore speaking in the full tradition of the papal encyclicals, which have not failed to come to concrete cases, when he criticized the trends of our modern agricultural community. "Perhaps the greatest failure in Western culture," he said, "has been the attempt to carry on the age-old countryside feudalism under new names." He recalled that in the Roman Empire the soil was owned by great lords and worked by slaves. The slave became a serf, theoretically a free man, but tied to the land, not owning it. It does not take a very profound acquaintance with our American agricultural methods to recognize the modern serfs under their new names of migrant workers and sharecroppers.

The free family, working on and supported by its own land—such is the ideal of the Catholic Rural Life Conference. It is an ideal that is losing its hold on too many in our rural community today. The glamour of the cities is drawing the young people away from the farm. Losing

the Christian ideal of the family, and of the sacrifices that the rearing of the Christian family entails, they become restless, embarrassed, even ashamed of their rural living. This was the theme developed by Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans at the Pontifical Mass which opened the Conference.

A letter from President Truman to the Conference confirmed the Archbishop's words. "The roots of our country," said the President,

must be sunk deep into the soil. Farm dwellers must not be transitory occupants of the land, who will succumb easily to the lure of urban life. It is our duty to do everything in our power to make rural life attractive.

That is what the Catholic Rural Life Conference is doing, by bringing home to the farmer the Christian dignity of his life and work.

## *Personal equation with DP's*

When the Pope touched on the problem of the world's displaced persons in his address to the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, he mentioned a point which is of capital and growing importance. He expressed the wish that relief would come for the multitudes of them "through understanding cooperation by men and governments of good will."

By *men* of good will—that is the point. We perhaps too often think of the solution to the problem in terms of sheer government machinery. If Congress passes the Stratton Bill, and we receive what seems to be our reasonable share of 100,000 DP's a year over four years, shall we then be justified in sitting back smug and content with a job well done? But what will happen, we wonder, to the first 100,000, to the first 10,000, if careful plans for their absorption do not anticipate their admission?

It is cheering to see a growing concern on this precise point. The State of Minnesota, for example, has established a Commission on the Resettlement of Displaced Persons. It will begin a survey the first week in December to determine how many DP's might be "happily and prosperously resettled" in the State; the survey will be conducted through priests and ministers, who will invite their flocks to list relatives among DP's abroad and give other pertinent information.

Iowa, too, has formed a volunteer citizens committee for the same purpose. And the Governor of North Dakota, where it is estimated that 10,000 DP's could be absorbed in agricultural pursuits, is expected to recall an earlier-established commission which took no actual steps.

The Middle West is so often referred to as politically isolationist that it is good to see that section of the country taking the lead in this practical approach to

internationalism. Above all, these realistic plans bring home to us, and especially to Catholics, that our community and individual cooperation will be needed to help those admitted to settle in their new homes.

It strikes us that the St. Vincent de Paul Societies in parishes, whether urban or rural, could do a great deal of fine spadework by canvassing homes to list available jobs, rooms, opportunities, by sounding out Catholic interest and arousing it where necessary. Similar organizations could do like work, perhaps on a diocesan scale.

Our Government may act—we hope it will. But the best of government action is bound to be impersonal. It is individual *men* of good will who will make the asylum we offer a welcoming home. For the DP's themselves are not just a class—they, too, are men.

## Public opinion and foreign affairs

In purely human terms, the future of the modern world depends less on the machinations of the Kremlin than it does on the ability of the American people to realize and accept the responsibilities which accompany great power. Too many of us, as Henry L. Stimson recently pointed out (*Foreign Affairs*, October, 1947), still do not understand the key role in which modern history has cast us. Said the able former Secretary of State:

First, and most important, Americans must now understand that the United States has become, for better or worse, a wholly committed member of the world community. This has not happened by conscious choice; but it is a plain fact, and our only choice is whether or not to face it. For more than a generation the increasing interrelation of American life with the life of the world has outpaced our thinking and our policy.

Although it is not yet certain that our thinking will catch up with the swift pace of events, there is more reason to hope today than there has been at any time in the recent past. For instance, a sign of growing understanding is undoubtedly the widespread public approval of the European Recovery Program. Even as late as three months ago, its acceptance by Congress was very doubtful. Now the fight is more over methods to be used than over the plan itself.

A second hopeful sign is the announcement, on November 18, of the tariff accords signed by twenty-three nations at Geneva. The fact that our representatives agreed to reductions affecting 45,000 items, and that these reductions bring our tariffs to the lowest point in thirty-four years, reveals increasing appreciation of the first principle of foreign trade, namely, that foreign trade is a two-way street. While some voices were raised in shocked protest, the chorus of dissent was thinner than might have been expected. More and more our business interests are coming to see, in Mr. Stimson's words, "that no private program and no public policy, in any sector of our national life, can now escape from the compelling fact that, if it is not framed with reference to the world, it is framed with perfect futility."

The speed with which that truth becomes part of our national consciousness will determine the shape of things to come. Should the modern world go totalitarian, it will do so by default—and the blame will be largely ours. However much we may resent this and wish circumstances were otherwise, we cannot ignore the hard facts of life—not, that is, if we wish to be true to our ideals and our destiny.

## Post-Assembly thoughts

The captains and the kings have departed from Lake Success and Flushing Meadows, leaving us to reflect at leisure over some thoughts suggested by events there and by remarks made to us by Catholic delegates to the General Assembly just concluded.

Strangely enough, people demand a higher level of political morality in an international body of this kind than they expect from their own legislatures. We take for granted infamous horse-trading among Congressmen representing selfish regional or economic interests while we are scandalized at similar blocs in the United Nations and zealously assail those delegates who, no less than Congressmen, cover their own desires under the cloak of high principle. It is difficult to determine where the blame for this hypocrisy lies, upon the skillful negotiator who marshals all weapons, but especially the lofty principles of the Charter, to support his own policies, or upon the people who demand altruism and purity of motives that they do not expect from their own elected representatives.

So far as the principles and procedures of the United Nations are concerned, Catholic diplomats have no difficulties in conscience. If we except the veto principle, which the majority are forced to tolerate as a necessary evil, the peaceful settlement of disputes and problems through the medium of orderly negotiation is unchallengeably in harmony with Christian principles. If today we have aught of complaint against the United Nations, it is its lack of a spiritual force. The very timely statement on secularism issued by the bishops at their annual meeting is a better clue to the attitude of Catholics toward the United Nations than anything else we know. We do regret that the only mention of the name of God at the recent General Assembly was the statement of Soviet delegate Andrei Y. Vishinsky confessing his atheism. Incidentally, this profession of unbelief was not without an ironical touch. It occurred in the course of a violent attack on John Foster Dulles, a leading, God-fearing Protestant whose son, a convert, is now studying for the priesthood.

But what weapons, besides the consciousness of God's supreme dominion over man's affairs, can a Catholic diplomat bring to international conferences like the General Assembly? We were disturbed to hear from one well-educated Catholic delegate from a European country that, with the possible exception of international law and colonial policy, he found no considerable body of well-developed Catholic thought to aid him in his work. "As a result," he said, "I find myself drawing my approach

to specific problems from secular sources, not Catholic ones." Are we paying now the penalty for the general antipathy of European Catholic intellectuals to the League of Nations?

The League was dominated by governments largely under the control of anti-clericals, and this explains in part why Catholics, with some notable exceptions, washed their hands of it. But today, if we disregard the Soviet bloc, now on the defensive in the United Nations, such an anti-clerical attitude does not exist. While the condemnations of the Franco regime did arise in part from anti-Catholic sentiment, it was interesting to note the warm support enjoyed by Eire, Portugal, Italy and Austria in their applications for membership. This would indicate that the chief objection to Spain is not the religion of the country but the nature of its regime.

Diplomats are realists, and many Catholics at the Assembly this year made no secret of their fears for the future of world peace. They hope sincerely that the United States will provide skillful leadership in the crisis. To an extent that should sober us, they place the whole future of European civilization in the hands of the youthful New World. In understanding why this must, indeed, be so, and in responding to the challenge, American Catholics should be in the forefront.

## ***U. S.-Soviet relations***

In the *Osservatore Romano* for November 21, Count della Torre returned to the question of U. S.-Soviet relations which he treated at some length last summer. According to a dispatch from Camille M. Cianfarra to the *New York Times*, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Osservatore* expressed the hope that the United States and the Soviet Union would approach the London meeting of Foreign Ministers with a desire to dissipate the animosity and suspicion which at present bedevil relations between them. The source of this trouble he traced to a "tragic misunderstanding," each Power believing that the other is preparing for war. He felt that the misunderstanding would be removed if the U. S. and Russia could make it clear to one another that "no one wants war." In Secretary Marshall's statement on departing for the London Conference—that his conversations with Foreign Minister Molotov could eliminate the "misunderstanding"—in Stalin's latest pronouncement, that capitalism and communism can co-exist in the world, and in Andrei Y. Vishinsky's recognition of the importance of American public opinion, the distinguished Editor of *Osservatore* professed to see tenuous but hopeful signs of a rapprochement.

Although we share Count della Torre's fear of another war, as well as his hope for friendly relations between the U. S. and Soviet Russia, we must confess that his approach to the problem tends to confuse American opinion and renders an honest understanding between the two countries more difficult. Such an understanding must be based on facts, and the first and all-important fact is that the U. S. has proved by deed as well as word that it sincerely desires a free, healthy, peaceful world, and

is willing to work with Soviet Russia and every other nation to achieve this goal. The actions of Soviet Russia, which frequently contradict her words, regrettably reveal a contradictory objective.

To speak, then, of the "tragic misunderstanding" between Soviet Russia and the U. S. as if honest reasons for it existed on both sides, or as if the policies of the U. S. and the Kremlin have equally contributed to it, is to ignore the whole history of the past six years. From the day American lend-lease started flowing to Russia, through the meetings at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, the U. S. has been more than generous with Russia and has tried in every way possible to dissipate her unfounded suspicions. If anything, our representatives went too far in their efforts to conciliate the Kremlin. Similar efforts when pursued with regard to Hitler were popularly regarded as appeasement. And they led not to peace and understanding but to war.

The record shows, too, that U. S. policy shifted only after it became clear that Stalin was deliberately stalling world peace and recovery in the interest of a policy of undisguised aggression which threatened the freedom of every nation in Europe and jeopardized the aims for which the war had been fought. The reluctance with which the U. S. advanced the Marshall plan and is now preparing to carry it out indicates how difficult it has been for us to change our policy and face the unwelcome reality of "two worlds."

The tough-minded men in the Kremlin know very well that the U. S. earnestly desires peace and has not the slightest intention of attacking Soviet Russia or anybody else. They know very well that they can have peace and security, including a forty-year alliance against Germany, any time they want it. They have merely to put a stop to their unbridled imperialism, live up to the commitments which Stalin made at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, and show some willingness to work with other nations, in the spirit of the UN Charter, for world peace.

Until Stalin takes a step in this direction, it merely confuses the issue to speak of American and Soviet fears and suspicions in the same terms, or to imply that we are equally to blame for the mess in the world today, and equally able to remove the "tragic misunderstanding" which divides us. The truth is that Soviet Russia wants two worlds, and that tension exists today solely because the U. S. has decided to help those nations which still remain free and are resisting forceful incorporation into the Soviet slave world. If the American people are made to feel that they are equally to blame for the bad relations with Russia, they may, with Henry Wallace and the American Communists, espouse the policy of appeasement which has already borne such tragic fruit.

It may well be that the résumé in the *N. Y. Times* of Count della Torre's editorial does not do full justice to the nuances of his thought. Ordinarily we would wait for the complete text to arrive before venturing a judgment. But since the London Conference is now in session, it seems necessary to restate at once the American position as it appears to our people, and as we believe it in fact to be.

# Through Hungary's iron curtain

**Elena Lante Rospigliosi**

Duchessa Elena Lante Della Rovere Rospigliosi, half American through her mother, is related to three former Popes—Clement IX on the Rospigliosi side, and Sixtus IV and Julius II on the Lante side. She is at present Editor of the ARI news agency in Rome.

At about the same time that Zoltan Pfeiffer, leader of the Hungarian Independent Party, dramatically escaped to the United States, reliable reports reached Hungarian circles in Rome confirming the statements of Mr. Pfeiffer about Hungary's complete subjugation by the Russians. The present Hungarian Government, these reports made clear, does not represent the Hungarian people, even though statements issuing from official sources might induce people abroad to believe so.

The Government of Hungary today does not serve the interests of its people. Russian forces, as everyone knows, should have left Hungary immediately after the signing of the peace treaty. By a recent agreement, however, the Russians, it seems, will not leave the country until a new Hungarian army has been organized. This fits in with the plan of rearmament which the Soviet authorities are carrying out strenuously in all the countries under their control.

By the terms of the peace treaty, Hungary is allowed an army of 30,000 men. Nevertheless, recruiting operations are carried on constantly. The new army, drafted from and staffed entirely by communist elements, will well surpass the quota that has been assigned by the peace terms.

Prime Minister Luis Dinnyes, who last June succeeded Ferenc Nagy, does not command the respect or confidence of the Hungarian people. Following the crisis of the Nagy Government, various political parties agreed on appointing Imre Oltvanyi to the post of Premier. The latter is a well-known banker and a man of learning. He is a member of the Smallholders Party. Although to some extent favorably inclined toward communism, it was felt he would serve the country's interests faithfully. The Soviet General in control, Sviridov, vetoed Oltvanyi's appointment. In his stead Dinnyes was selected and approved instantly, for his appointment suited Russian purposes.

Luis Dinnyes belonged in the past to the Youth Movement, whose members prided themselves on beating up Jews regularly three or four times a year. He was known as something of a fake who was always short of money until the Dunavolgyi Bank paid his debts at the "suggestion" of the Soviet "liberators." His moral and intellectual standards have not improved much in the interim. Moreover, Dinnyes has little in common with the peasant and working classes of his country. He comes from a family of small provincial nobility, and is a typical *bon vivant*, utterly incapable of holding his own against the powerful foe now controlling the country. The people are fully aware of this.

Despite the critical situation the nation is in, and the anti-religious trend of the new regime, the Hungarian faithful flock to their churches in greater numbers than

ever before. Practically all the Catholic press has been suppressed. The clergy must rely on the spoken word alone to instruct the faithful and to keep alive moral and religious principles.

For instance, the Jesuit Church of the Sacred Heart in Budapest is packed on week days as well as Sundays. Special loudspeakers have had to be set up in the square before the church so that the sermon can be heard by those standing outside. Sermons and lectures organized by the clergy are three times as numerous as before and during the war, and are always attended by men, women and young people. According to our informants, up to the early part of July, 1947 it was still possible for the clergy to speak freely to their flock, provided they kept away from subjects which might even remotely be termed "political." Great numbers attended the "missions" in the smaller towns and villages. Wherever the Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Mindszenty, went, he was received with the greatest display of loyalty and devotion. Expiatory services and public prayers have large attendances all over the country.

There is a manifest desire for instruction in all matters pertaining to religion and the practical application of the Ten Commandments. The subjects most stressed are: the Hungarian people's trust in God, to whom they have been faithful throughout the course of their exceptionally agitated history; devotion to our Blessed Lady; the purity of family life; the importance of Catholic education; and, finally, the necessary expiation of individual and collective sins. One of the latter sins was the persecution of the Jews, which in Hungary, as elsewhere, assumed serious proportions at one time.

The tension between the Church and the various political parties is very strong at present. The four big parties are, as the world knows, the Smallholders, the Peasants, the Communists and the Socialists. The Liberty Party of Seso Sulyok once had a considerable number of followers, but after his escape the party was outlawed. The Hungarian Independent Party of Zoltan Pfeiffer, it is expected, will meet the same fate, especially after the flight of its leader. A new Christian Catholic Party has been organized lately by a well-known secular priest, Father Balogh. Balogh "pater" has no official support from his ecclesiastical superiors. Nevertheless, if his party should become influential, it would mean a great deal to Hungary.

The Soviet masters are fully aware of the deeply rooted religious sentiments of the people, and therefore take the religious factor into consideration—to the extent, at least, of supporting the Orthodox Church. Here, however, they are up against considerable difficulties. The Hungarian population is seventy-seven per cent Catholic, while of the remaining twenty-three per cent the great

majority is Protestant. Both Catholics and Protestants, moreover, are collaborating in a way never before evidenced, in the defense of religious freedom and religion in general.

The Communists did not expect this united front. Consequently they dare not, as yet, oppose religion openly, especially in rural districts of the country. Here they act as wolves in sheep's clothing. In some of the remoter villages the supporters of the four big parties, Socialists and Communists included, carried the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament during the Corpus Christi processions this year. As likely as not, the local communist leaders were in good faith, and only too thankful that the central authorities should have issued instructions to permit these ceremonies.

Another point on which popular reaction turned out to be very strong was the question of abolishing religious instruction in the schools. The authorities have, in fact, been obliged for the time being to abandon this plank of their platform. Although the report is not verified, it appears that no less than ninety-seven per cent of the socialist workers themselves, in some of the more intensely Catholic regions, are opposed to the abolition of compulsory religious teaching, so deeply rooted is religious feeling among the people. Nevertheless, the situation seems far from satisfactory, nor can it be considered encouraging.

A relentless campaign goes on against the Church. Practically all the most active Catholic associations have been suppressed. The *Kalot* (Young Catholic Agricultural Workers' Association) and the *Kalasz* (Peasant Daughters' Association) are closed down, while the activities of the *Kioe* (Young Catholic Townsfolk Craftsmen Association) have been severely limited. Flourishing socialist and communist "study centers" have been organized everywhere (euphemistically called "seminaries") and Marxist theories are hammered relentlessly into the working masses.

The spirit in which all these activities is carried on is quite openly hostile to the Church and Christian teachings. Marxism is represented as the only existing democratic doctrine. Hungarian Catholic Action tries to meet this state of affairs to the best of its ability by substituting new organizations for those which have been suppressed. Though such organizations are active in some parishes, it is uphill work, since the authorities keep a vigilant eye upon them, and any false move, or the manifestation of too much enterprise, may cause them to be closed down at a moment's notice.

The Holy Father's 1946 Christmas allocution, in which he admonished Christians to be "strong and faithful in following the precepts of the faith," produced practical results throughout Hungary. It was, in fact, believed that this admonition was directed especially to the Hungarian people now in so precarious a situation. It may be said that, owing to the impression created by the allocution, a split in the Catholic ranks was avoided.

In responsible Catholic circles in Hungary considerable apprehension is felt over the difficulties of organizing parish life. Many country parishes actually lack all

social organization, which is vitally necessary under the circumstances to preserve the faith among the peasants. These latter in Hungary, as in many other European countries, are the backbone of the nation. In the cities the working masses have become the prey of dangerous political forces and are influenced by the propaganda of the extremist parties, as described above. The Hungarian people, however, are not gullible and have been extremely critical of the new doctrine. Hence the "learned" and "progressive" lectures directed at them, bluntly by the Socialists and dialectically by the Communists, lose fifty per cent of their persuasiveness. Hungarian youth, especially, is quite skeptical about the value of the so-called "new democratic" theories.

Two movements, however, occasion great anxiety in Catholic circles. These are the "Friends of the Children" movement (*Gyermerbarat*) and the "Opening Up the Way" movement (*Uttoro Mozgalom*). Both have financial backing from the Soviets. The first is directed toward children; the second toward adults. Both are intensively Marxist and communistic. Hungarian Catholicism, owing to lack of funds and of liberty, is, alas, in no position to oppose these movements efficiently. However, the deep Catholic convictions of Hungarian parents and the sound common sense of the Hungarian people may be relied upon to a considerable extent.



Feeling runs high in Hungary over the fact that diplomatic relations have not been resumed with the Holy See. Although negotiations were previously entered upon with this end in view, since the present Government came to power the negotiations have been shelved. The semi-official Hungarian representative in Rome still awaits

instructions from his Government. This, it is felt in Hungary, becomes all the more serious inasmuch as other Soviet-controlled countries, such as Rumania and Bulgaria, have been allowed to resume relations with the Vatican.

Hungary's outward facade and political structure are "red" by now. Nevertheless the poison has not yet penetrated to a fatal depth. The wholesome part of the Hungarian people, which is still the great majority, looks to the West for freedom and safety, even though the "iron curtain" seems to have fallen relentlessly between it and them. It is up to the West not to allow such hopes to be shattered.

The West should also remember that the Hungarian people are *not* Slav, but an ethnic island in Slavdom. The recent attitude of the Anglo-Saxon Powers, especially the United States, has greatly heartened the Hungarians. They now have hope for a better future. That hope can be strengthened by an active public opinion on the part of Christians, and especially Catholics, in support of the proposed aid to the democratically inclined countries of Europe.

# Egbert revisited

J. Franklin Ewing

*Father Ewing, S.J., of Fordham University, writes from Lebanon, where he and his companions are resuming their digging into the private life of Egbert of Ksdr 'Akil*

(AMERICA, April 12, 1947) after an interruption of seven years.

We were somewhat worried, to tell the truth, about the kind of reception we should experience. After all, seven years is a long wait, and friendship and love can cool during such a lapse of time. And we had not been the most model of correspondents.

Some months ago, I was privileged to tell the readers of AMERICA about Egbert, our sixty-thousand-year-old friend in Syria, and the really remarkable dig in which he lies. That article was written from memory, for it was nearly seven long years since I last had seen Egbert. During those seven years we had thought about that dig, shown pictures of it, talked about it and schemed to get sufficient funds to return to do it justice. And here, finally, we were.

The "we" were Father Joseph G. Doherty, S.J., of Boston College, Father Joseph W. Murphy, S.J., of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Jerusalem, and myself, from Fordham University. We were awaited by a new member of our staff, a geologist, Dr. Herbert E. Wright Jr., of Minnesota University, who had arrived shortly before us.

Our doubts about our reception were resolved even before we left Beirut. The faithful Abdu, who had guarded the site during our absence, and other friends, met us in the city and made quite a scene, embracing us and kissing us on both cheeks.

We left Beirut, with its narrow streets and city heat, and took the coast road towards the northeast. After about six miles of little towns and prosperous apricot orchards, we turned off the main road, and soon were at the spring at the base of our valley. Thence it was a matter of a dozen minutes, walking over the bare limestone hills and scuffing through the low thorn bushes that snap at one's ankles, before we came in sight of our shack on the slope that leads up to the dig. We hastened up the slope and approached the pit we had dug so long ago, in the lee of the great grey cliff.

We peered anxiously over the edge. First we made out the concrete slab which protected Egbert in his stony bed—that was thirty-seven feet deep. We were fascinated into swaying over the edge as our look traveled deeper and deeper, until we could make out the very bottom, sixty-two feet below.

The impressiveness of that depth was enhanced for us by our intimate knowledge that not only had the hole been dug with little hand-picks and trowels, but that every inch of the excavated material and of the soil we stood on was crammed with the flint tools made by ancient man and the bones of the animals he had fed on.

Our object is to reconstruct the lives and times of people who lived so long ago that they left no written history and no memory of themselves, except such as can be deduced from the tools that fell from their hands and their rare pieces of art.

Ancient people inhabited this place for a long time, the great duration of their stay being evidenced by the depth of the deposits they left. These people carelessly cast aside the flint tools they were discarding for better ones, and left on the ground the chips from the tools they made on the spot. Metal being unknown, they resorted to flint as a material for their implements and, superior as we may feel towards the Stone Age now, flint in its day was a great discovery and a good substance from which to make tools.

Ancient man, or his wife, built fires on which to roast the game brought home by the hunter. Here they had a rich meat diet of numerous deer and wild pig and bison and goat, in addition, no doubt, to considerable vegetable food. The bones, once the meat had been gnawed off them, were fortunately not incinerated, but dropped to the ground. The wind blew in dust, and pieces of rock scaled off the roof of the cliff's overhang. The tools and the ashes and the bones and the dust and the rocks gradually combined to raise the ground level; and each successive generation of inhabitants added its bit to the debris in the site.

As years went on, new ideas were introduced among the toolmakers. The climate changed radically from time to time, in sympathy with the great ice caps that advanced or receded over the map of northern Europe. No doubt ancient man sat back and complained that the climate was growing worse—getting too rainy or too dry—but we are grateful for these changes, for, taken together with the changes in tools and kinds of animals, we are now enabled to read a record of succession in the heaped-up layers under the cliff.

The magic word in digging is provenience. It is all-important to know exactly in what layer a tool or bone was found; its position relative to what went before and what came after is what makes it scientifically valuable.

To keep the provenience straight, we watch the layers. We watch as the diggers remove the earth and we note differences in its color and content; we watch the layers from the side, as they are exposed in the areas already dug. If we had not already excavated here, we should have made a test trench. It helps a great deal if one can study the layers sideways, like looking at a layer-cake cut in half.

But please do not think that stratigraphy—following the layers—is such plain sailing as studying the even layers in a cake. Ancient man was untidy and willful, and climate and geology were no more orderly than they are now. Sometimes it is very difficult to distinguish between two layers, and sometimes they are both obscured by the ashes of an old hearth. We may complain at this untidiness, but we have to unscramble it nevertheless.

Besides locating objects in the layers which we follow in their ups and downs, we also have laid out the area in squares, and we keep to these lines as we dig down. Thus we know not only the layer but the part of the layer from which an object derives. If anything especially valuable comes to light, we sketch and photograph it before removing it.

In 1938, for instance, after we had removed a layer of stones which were tightly cemented together, we came on a level strewn with rounded boulders that could only have been brought up from the stream bed. Peeping out from one corner of this rocky level, next to the cliff wall, we noted a concentration of these boulders, and our suspicions were aroused. When the loose boulders had been cleared away, it was evident that we had a special pile of boulders in that corner. It was not too much of a surprise, therefore, when we began lifting off the boulders from the pile and came on human bones. We had come, in fact, upon the skeleton of Egbert himself. Because we knew where each stone had been, we could be sure that there had been a flat stone carefully balanced over Egbert's head—a deliberate burial if there ever was one. Also, because we had studied the cemented stone layer and the intervening soil, we could be sure that Egbert had been buried on the ground level of that time, and not interred in a grave. Egbert, therefore, belonged to the period of the flint tools that surrounded him, and had not been injected down into an earlier layer.

The squares being marked out, and the probable depth and course of the first layer determined, we set the diggers to work. They use small picks that penetrate the earth no deeper than four or five inches at a blow. The diggers loosen the earth, and we and they watch for what may turn up. They place the flints and bones in paper bags, marked with the level and square and date. Another man trowels up the rest of the dirt, and this is hoisted up to the surface in woven grass baskets and carried to the sieves.

The sievemen sift every bit of the dirt, and pick out even the tiniest pieces of flint or bone, placing their findings in bags marked with the same symbols as those of the diggers. Like the diggers, who become very skillful at following a layer or a line, the sievemen are expert at catching every fragment of useful material. Especially in the upper levels, many tools are extremely small, and in all levels some animal bones are practically microscopic. In faithfulness, in desire to give a good day's work and in good humor, our workmen are notable. I doubt if there are better workmen in the world than these Lebanese.

The flints are given a preliminary sorting by Father Doherty and Father Murphy, but the bones and snail shells (have I mentioned that at certain times the ancient folk ate huge quantities of snails?) are sorted by a pair of trained workmen. They save any bone which seems possible of identification as belonging to a certain type of animal, and they count the snail shells, which are predominantly of three species. In the case of both the flints and the bones, we count the chips and fragments

that are rejected; these numbers, plus the numbers of the saved pieces, will give us a rough idea of which layers and areas were more densely inhabited than others.

All this partakes of the nature of an assembly-line, and perforce it must. We have the most incredibly rich dig in the world. Already we have taken out of the ground more than two and a half million pieces of flint, and the bones are not far behind. This means drudgery, but it also means that we will be in a position to study proportions of tools in different layers and fine nuances in tools that would be impossible to evaluate in other less fruitful sites.

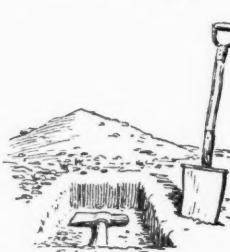
Removing Egbert will be a special problem. The water filtering through the limestone cliff gradually turned the earth and stones in which he rested into one mass of stone. It would be impossible, here in the field, to extract his bones from this hard matrix. So we shall have to chisel around him, at a safe distance, and remove him in one great block of stone, which will have to be gingerly hoisted to the surface, crated and somehow got down to the road. We expect the block will weigh at least half a ton.

While the digging has been going on, our geologist has been traveling up and down the coast of the Lebanon, studying sea terraces. It would seem that those ice sheets up north, which affected our weather down here, first absorbed and then, melting, let loose so much of the world's water that they changed the sea-level from

time to time. By tying in our dig with these evidences of changing seas, the geologist is adding an important element in our correlation with European chronology, and is improving the chances of other workers, in Italy and North Africa, to fit their findings into our framework.

All this sort of work, although it requires patience and a measure of devotion, is interesting in itself. But there are other activities that are necessary; in fact, necessary evils—the budget, for instance. That weary part of our project was never very robust, and only allowed us to come at all because we are top-notch optimists. Our estimates received rude jolts after our arrival here. Food prices have gone up to at least ten times what they were before the war, so we have to pay our workmen accordingly. In order to get as much work as possible done before the rains begin, we have had to hire more men than we had anticipated. It is a consolation that our major expense here is the payroll, which helps some fifty men and their families in a land suffering from unemployment and inflation; but the money must be found.

Not only the payroll has increased tenfold, but other prices are equally bad for an anemic budget. Take the case of the donkey. It may sound a bit exotic to say that a donkey is an essential part of our equipment. But we live some distance from the nearest water, which is the spring at the base of the valley, and it would not be



sound policy to have the water carried up on men's backs. Hence the donkey. We thought we had two good donkeys, left over from our previous stay, but we were saddened to find that a hard life and advancing years had rendered them useless. These donkeys cost us nine and fifteen Lebanese pounds, years ago. A new donkey cost one hundred and fifty pounds.

After all this effort, when we put together all the information we unearth and embalm it between the covers of a heavy book, what shall we know? We shall know a great deal about ancient man in these parts, and be tantalizingly ignorant of much more. We shall know what stone and bone tools he used at different ages, and even such interesting details as when he started to grind ocher for his personal decoration; what animals provided the basis of his diet; what sort of climate he experienced at any given period, and even, from an analysis of the preserved pollen, what trees flourished on the now bare hillsides. We shall know how ancient man was built, from the evidence of the bones. And, most important of

all to science, we shall have provided a framework of chronology for ourselves and for other workers who will come after us.

All this sounds pretty remote from real life, and impractical. It could seem a mighty waste of effort to spend all this time and treasure in reconstructing a small chapter in the history of long-forgotten men who have absolutely no influence on our present-day politics or business.

Yes, this is pure and impractical science. An archeological expedition brings back valuable, yet valueless, material when it returns home. Yet it deals with a part of this wonderful world of ours and of this wonderful humanity we find in the world. Like all science, it tends to satisfy intellectual curiosity, for facts are worth knowing, all by themselves, and independently of money value. And the world of ideas, no matter how impractical it may seem at the moment, has a way of influencing practical affairs, perhaps long after the ideas are propounded.

## Prefabricated housing

**James B. Kelley**

*James B. Kelley, at present an Assistant Professor of Aeronautical Engineering at the U. S. Naval Postgraduate School, was educated at Marquette and New York Universities and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

The war and its nation-wide dislocation of families have forced on us the realization that something must be done about methods of construction for housing. The aftermath of the war has brought with it the greatest shortage of dwellings this nation has ever known, one which is exceeded only by shortages in Europe. To the unhoused or improperly housed American, however, the knowledge that Europeans are worse off is small comfort.

Although people are fond of blaming the war for every imaginable problem, the present housing crisis in the United States started before the war and was seen as a future possibility by experts in the field, though they expected the shortage to develop gradually. The war changed that, but only in so far as it increased the rate of development of the shortage. While war helped to bring the lack of houses to a head, it also showed us how we could go a long way towards solving our problem.

In the 'thirties, prefabricated housing was largely a topic for parlor or lunch-table discussion. A few people believed in it; a few companies experimented with it; but no one took it too seriously, at least as far as the immediate future was concerned. Prefabricated housing belonged to a distant and perhaps dreary future, because somehow it implied a terrible sameness; and although a man might be willing to wear a blue serge suit that looked exactly like every other blue serge suit in the world, and although he might be willing to buy a "row house" in Philadelphia or Baltimore which looked like every other house in those cities, he was repelled by the idea of owning a home which came off an assembly line. Also he didn't believe such houses could be made.

Any man who could raise \$750 in one lump sum (if

he were a veteran) and could afford to pay \$50 a month rent could own a five-room (three-bedroom) house on a plot of land containing 6,000 square feet. I say "could" and not "can," because such an opportunity does not exist for everyone—yet. A man could make such a purchase if he lived near, or worked in or near, Baltimore. Under those circumstances he would have an opportunity to buy one of the Byrne homes in Harundale, Maryland, ten miles south of Baltimore.

These homes, which I have visited and in which friends of mine live, are currently selling for \$7,500 cash or the terms mentioned above. They are prefabricated and are made of steel and concrete. The rooms are all on one floor. In order to avoid the monotony of appearance that one might expect, there are various exterior finishes: aluminum clapboards, stucco, brick veneer, asbestos shingles. The clapboards may be painted any color desired, and the shingles come in the usual shades found on other houses. The community contains twelve hundred dwellings and, when completed, will have a shopping center and movie house.

Included in the \$7,500 purchase price are a Bendix automatic washer, an electric refrigerator and an electric stove. If the purchaser does not care to have these items supplied by Byrne, he can buy the house for \$6,750. The building is also vermin-proof and practically fire-proof and can be heated (radiant heating is used) for from \$50 to \$75 a year. This includes hot water as well. And since the house is completely insulated, it is comfortable in both summer and winter. I know how it feels in the summer, since I was in one of the houses during a ninety-degree afternoon last August.

Compare this with the prospect a friend of mine is facing when he moves into an apartment-housing project in another Eastern city. He will rent a four-room apartment (two bedrooms) for \$94 a month, *no* utilities included. A five-room apartment rents for \$117.50 a month. For a five-room apartment he will have paid more in his first year for rent than the man who owns one of Byrne's houses does for his down payment, monthly installment on mortgage, interest, taxes, insurance and heat for a year. At the end of a year my friend who rents the apartment has nothing but rent receipts to show for his money; the purchaser of the prefabricated home has an investment which will always bring him some return, however small.

Of course, the man who is going to pay \$94 a month for an apartment is not doing so willingly. He'd love to be able to buy a prefabricated home such as I described, and so would hundreds of thousands of other people. But to date these houses have appeared in limited number. The first difficulty which faced their builders was getting steel. This was solved by some of the manufacturers when they bought an interest in steel mills. A second difficulty was the transportation of sufficiently large units of each house to make on-the-site erection a relatively quick and easy job. The Byrne company met this problem by doing most of the large-scale assembly work in huge Quonset huts built for that purpose near the development. This meant that the materials could be shipped flat, and then assembled in temporary factories within a few hundred yards of the location of the house. A third problem which faces the mass-production builders, whether of prefabricated or other types of housing, is plumbing fixtures. Up to the present the builders have been unable to work out satisfactory arrangements with manufacturers whereby bathroom supplies could be purchased for prices substantially below those which an individual buyer must pay at retail—this despite the enormous quantities they buy. The solution being considered is to purchase a plumbing-supply business.

There is a marked similarity between the methods used by the producers of prefabricated houses and those of the late Henry Ford when he undertook to build a "poor man's" automobile. Mr. Ford met some of the same difficulties which these builders are finding; and he licked them by substantially the same methods. Prefabricated houses may well become for housing what the Ford became for the automobile industry.

Even in these times of enormously inflated prices, the prefabricated house is within reach of many people. In fact, it is generally within the reach of any man who earns fifty dollars a week. Naturally, it is not possible to walk out and buy one of these houses at your neighborhood hardware store, but the proximate possibility of doing this in the near future can be seen from developments in the two years since the end of the war.

The Byrne organization, which has been doing this work for ten years, has put up housing projects near such cities as Baltimore, Norfolk, Dallas, Shreveport, Houston, and is starting a group of about six hundred houses outside of Moline, Illinois. On the Pacific Coast the Henry

Kaiser organization is putting up prefabricated houses which sell for between \$9,000 and \$10,000. These are a little more elaborate than the Byrne houses and have a two-car garage. Over a thousand such homes have been built by Kaiser during the past nine months. All of the Byrne and Kaiser homes are in so-called "developments," but this should not appall "individualistic" Americans who have for years lived in the *cliffs* of large cities where they were merely names above push-bells in tiled vestibules. In these new housing developments they will have the opportunity to learn what a community can and should mean.

Those who prefer to live apart from such communities may be interested in the single units produced by such manufacturers as the Harman Company of Wilmington, Delaware. Here one can buy a five-room (three-bedroom) home and have it shipped to any place in the United States. In general, such a home can be purchased, shipped and erected for less than \$8,000, provided the purchaser is already in possession of the property on which the house is to be erected.



These houses can be delivered within ninety days after the order has been received. In general appearance they resemble the Byrne homes, being a modified ranch style. The Harman homes have been erected in Delaware, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin and Washington, D. C. The "package" in which the house comes includes the central heating system, hot-water heating

system and a gas or electric range.

Still another manufacturer of prefabricated homes is Prefabricated, Inc., of Baltimore, which makes the Golden Key homes. These may be purchased for as little as \$4,000, exclusive of plumbing, piping and heating.

With regard to the durability of prefabricated houses it can be said that they should be as good as steel, concrete, brick and asbestos can make them. Their future in American housing is as certain as the future of the mass-produced automobile, washing-machine, radio and vacuum-cleaner.

There is no reason why every city in this country cannot have such developments if it *wants* to solve its housing shortage rather than keep it as a campaign issue. There is not one city which does not have vast tracts of land in its suburbs which could readily be made available for thousands of such houses. It would require very little "arranging" on the part of the political powers to get this land into the hands of those who could fill it with homes. Despite protestations of innocence, the real-estate interests have an entirely different view of such a procedure. But progress is seldom halted for longer than the briefest periods. And prefabricated houses are progress; they are coming, regardless of who or what opposes them.

# Analysis of a smear stunt

Harold C. Gardiner

To SMEAR: to cover or coat with a viscous substance, and generally with the connotation that the operation is repulsive or soiling.

That is a definition of the physical act. It is possible to smear, say, tar on a board without making oneself soiled or repulsive.

But there is also the intellectual, moral act of smearing, as when one besmirches another's reputation. There it is impossible to come away from the job clean-handed.

In three recent issues of the *Nation*, Paul Blanshard wrote three articles—"The Roman Catholic Church in Medicine" (Nov. 1), "The Sexual Code of the Roman Catholic Church" (Nov. 8) and "The Roman Catholic Church and the Schools" (Nov. 15). The three together constitute one of the finest "horrible examples" for many a moon of mastery in the smear technique. It's my distasteful task to offer an analysis of Mr. Blanshard's skill.

This article is not a refutation. One does not refute prejudice; one simply points it out so that the fair-minded may not be taken in. Second, I would not refute Mr. Blanshard in any case, because to deal adequately with his towering misconceptions would entail taking him back to the very first steps in ethics and building from there on carefully and cautiously. Either that long process would be indicated or I should have to fall into his own superficiality and trot out answers as he whips out the objections—and that would be a task for a specialist (which I am not) in canon law, moral theology, church history, American constitutional law, the theory of education, medicine and sociology. These are the fields in which he pontificates. Where and how has he had time to become a pundit in all these sober sciences while carrying such important jobs as Head of the Department of Investigations and Accounts in New York City under Mayor LaGuardia, State Department official in the Caribbean during the war, and authoring *Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean*?

But a study of his technique is another thing. That will not carry us too far afield, for the number of various hues in a smear-campaign is neither large nor very original. The main strains may be pointed out as follows: the smearer will first of all absolutely ignore the very point at issue—rather he assumes that it is already proved in his favor; having assumed that, he buttresses the intellectual theft by half-truths, by generalizations, by confusion of a hierarchy of values, by the association-technique. And this witches' broth is further spiced by some polite and fancy name-calling.

These same categories (though under slightly different names) have been pointed out by Mr. Clyde Miller in his book, *How to Detect and Analyze Propaganda*, as being components of the smear-technique. It is curious to note that Mr. Miller maintains that the presence of

such elements in propaganda is a sure sign that the propaganda is fascist. If that be true, Mr. Blanshard provides us with the ludicrous situation of fascist strategy being employed to unmask the Church he detests as being fascist.

Let's see some of Mr. Blanshard's more choice performances. I limit myself here mainly to his first two articles, as the subject of the third, that on the Church and the schools, has received ample treatment in this Review, notably in Fr. Robert C. Hartnett's series (August 23 and 30; Sept. 20).

*The point at issue.* Mr. Blanshard starts out by asking the question: does the Catholic Church have a right to speak out on matters of medicine and sex? Plainly this is not a foolish question and, were Mr. Blanshard asking it sincerely, it would demand a worthy response. But he does not want an answer, for he promptly removes the question from the field of morals, where alone it can be handled. He will not discuss morality: the teaching of theology on ectopic gestations, for example, is "priestly mathematics"; it is discussed in theological journals "with solemn ferocity"; the sexual code of the Church springs from the priests' "own frustrations," though "it would be unkind to suggest that priests interpret the universe in terms of [those frustrations], for, after all, Freud's wisdom was not available to the early Popes who clamped celibacy on a reluctant clergy." This tactic, I submit, is obviously designed to convince the unwary that all the so-called moral problems are just so much mumbo-jumbo. Mr. Blanshard prejudgets the very question he set out to answer.

*Half-truths.* It is harder to find examples of this particular slant in Mr. Blanshard's articles than in most smear-writing, for the simple fact that he usually does not stop with the half-untruth. Such statements as this, that "the head of the fetus must never be operated on directly even to save the life of the mother," contains enough truth to conceal somewhat the fact that Mr. Blanshard is ridiculing the whole teaching of morality regarding craniotomy. So, too, when he says that the Church's whole sexual code ought to be called an "anti-sexual code, because the primary emphasis has always been upon the sin rather than the joy in sex," he is right in saying that moral theology is concerned mainly with sin (though not only sexual sin), but he carefully forgets to state that moral theology is only part of Catholic life and teaching.

✓ *Generalizations.* "Nobody," says our savant, "knows exactly where the elaborate sexual code of the Roman Catholic church came from." I know, Mr. Blanshard, and so do 10,000 others, and when you make a general statement like that, can it be for any other purpose than to convince your unwary readers that the Church's code is all myth, legend, tommy-rot and absurdity? Again, we are told that young Catholics "are rebelling against this use [of the promises in mixed marriages to obtain 'converts'] and to establish Catholics as a separate class in a tolerant American community." The generalization gives the false impression that there is widespread revolt—could Mr. Blanshard substantiate that?

*Confusion of a hierarchy of values.* I suppose Mr. Blanshard would admit in general that some truths are more important than others. If so, he will not admit that Catholics as well hold to that, even as regards some truths that touch on religion. We hold equally, he states, that "Franco is an eminent Christian statesman (and no teacher in the Catholic school system is free to challenge that without incurring penalties)," and that "the Pope, when he speaks for the Church in matters of faith and morals, cannot make a mistake." Obviously, if Catholics are so stupid as not to see any difference in these two values, they can be bulldozed into accepting anything. And throughout the articles this note is struck again and again—truths, whether religious, scientific or what not, are always "imposed" on the Catholic laity, "clamped" on the clergy, and so on. The whole technique inclines the reader-dupe to sneer at Catholic stupidity.

*The association technique.* This is something like a malicious distortion of the old saying "show me your friends and I'll tell you what kind of man you are." The distortion comes from the fact that the people shown do not have to be friends. Just show Mr. Blanshard, within shouting distance of the Pope, anybody he doesn't like, and that proves that the Pope is a bad man. So, when Pope Pius XI "finally slammed the door on all kinds of contraception as late as 1930" (that, of course, is false), he "had just piloted the Vatican to a Concordat with Mussolini, and perhaps he felt that the future belonged to dictatorships in both the moral and the political field." I would be just as unfair, though perhaps not so clever (I haven't had much practice), if I were to smear Mr. Blanshard like this: Mr. Blanshard, until recently an official in the State Department, has retired to private life. The loyalty tests and the forced resignation of several employees of that Department as being bad security risks occurred at about that same time.

*Name-calling.* This is the most obviously rowdy of all smear-techniques. If done, however, in a tone that suggests sorrow rather than anger, it is sometimes effective in clouding the issue. So Pius XI's fulmination against birth-control was "only an unfortunate mistake by an old man who had never been married and who had never studied medicine." The Church's sexual code is "imposed upon unsophisticated congregations by half-educated priests." And "when an American Catholic wants to know what is morally permissible in the field of medicine, he gets his bishop to forward a question to . . . a committee of Cardinals and their celibate associates, headed by the Pope." Anyway, the whole business has its basis in "sexual fanaticism."

Finally, Mr. Blanshard deserves to be given only a flat lie in many of his statements. Such is the one, which he repeats, that grounds for annulment in the Catholic Church are much more flimsy than those recognized in civil courts. Another is that Jesuit casuists use the doctrine of the rhythm in conception as a "loophole" in the law against unnatural birth-control. And a third is that the moral bases for the solution of the problem of ectopic gestations has ever been shifted. Medical knowledge has grown; the moral principle is unchanged.

So much for detail. What is most chilling in Mr. Blanshard's whole treatment is his cold-blooded and complete sundering of legality and morality. It is not particularly frightening because Mr. Blanshard as an individual bases his whole argument on it. It is frightening when espoused by a so-called liberal journal. It is frightening because it leads to an alarming question: has liberalism degenerated into statism?

For if I hold that an action is good or bad, right or wrong, simply because it is prohibited or allowed by human law-givers, then I have, in principle, yielded my unalienable rights. Some future Supreme Court of the United States might conceivably rule that Negroes or Jews or Catholics or even liberals have no right to civil liberties, and if that very ruling makes it morally right, where am I left? If Mr. Blanshard is logical, though I see little fear of that, and had he been living with his logic in Nazi Germany under the anti-Jewish laws, the laws, because they were laws, would have made him morally right in engaging happily in the pogroms.

But am I merely imputing this cruel logic to Mr. Blanshard and to his liberal sponsors? Mr. Blanshard's own words prove it. "But for once," he states,

American and British Catholics have rebelled [against Papal doctrine on ectopic gestations]. Perhaps some of them dared to ask themselves what an American jury might think about the problem. When the life of a Catholic mother is sacrificed for the life of a *normal* fetus, a jury might accept the priestly mathematics involved as religion, but it might use an uglier word if the life of the mother was sacrificed in a case of ectopic pregnancy for a hypothetical one-one-hundredth of a normal life-prospect.

Do I read Mr. Blanshard correctly as saying that if a jury says that is murder, then it is murder?

And Mr. Blanshard repeats this argument several times. This way lies the yielding of our very souls to the omnipotent state. Such thinking opens the way for another Nabuchodonosor and his golden statue which all men must fall down and adore, because the king had made a law. And such thinking will ultimately destroy even the liberals, for their name means "free." But there can be no freedom unless human laws have morality as their soul.

### Looking ahead

As the Foreign Ministers convene in London to map the new Europe and plan for its reconstruction, the fate of Austria looms large on the agenda. Historically both the melting pot and dividing line for East and West, Austria today presents a problem much larger than her present size. ERIC V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, native of Austria who was in the United States during the war, has lately returned home. Next week AMERICA will publish an account of his impressions.

Although now behaving, the Muddy Missouri has caused plenty of ruin and heartache often and recently. How to direct its water and power into constructive channels is the subject of an article by MARK J. BOESCH, to be published soon.

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# Literature & Art

## Drama festival at Catholic University

Theophilus Lewis

Father Hartke and his associates in Catholic University's Department of Speech and Drama call their six weeks of summer theatre a festival of drama. At night, when the audience comes out on the lawn for intermission cigarettes, there is certainly an atmosphere of festivity about the playhouse and its environs. The grounds are well lighted; but the campus lamps are masked by a colony of trees, and their rays are filtered through a lace of leaves, producing an effect similar to Chinese lanterns. Youngsters in sports-jackets and bobby-socks, and a large sprinkling of their elders (usually more soberly dressed) stroll and converse in a scene that resembles a county fair without midway or barkers.

In daylight hours C. U. Theatre is a workshop of experiment and production that has sent the top critics and commentators on the stage off the deep end in enthusiastic praise of its achievements. A writer in the *Washington Post* says: "No other institution of learning in the United States . . . has achieved the practical results in the professional theatre that have been written down to the credit of the indefatigable group at C. U." Since C. U. is located in Washington, one might suspect the writer's praise was colored with local pride. But similar encomia have appeared in papers published in Baltimore and Boston. Even the *New York Herald Tribune*, with a proper air of metropolitan detachment, observes that C. U. Theatre is "by far the most enterprising of experimental theatres today." Gilbert Miller says C. U.'s productions are "above the level of the average Broadway production." George Jean Nathan, the most acidulous and astute of American critics, declares that C. U. has "one of the most inventive and progressive amateur groups in the nation."

The record shows that C. U. is well deserving of the critical tribute received from so many quarters. C. U. Theatre has prepared students with acting talent for immediate employment on the professional stage. Its graduates have won scholarships and residences in other colleges. It has developed a new type of musical show, the biography, that was hungrily snapped up by Hollywood; and Father Hartke will probably be called to account at the Judgment Seat for turning loose on us a flood of Kern, Gershwin and Jolson stories. C. U. Theatre produced *Lute Song* before Broadway found the nerve to take a chance with it; and *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, a

Our dramatic critic whipped off to the nation's capital some months ago to give us a report on the activities of one of the country's cultural centers in the drama. We are sorry that the series of articles on the Great Books has delayed earlier publication of his verdict.

Theatre Guild hit, was written by a member of the faculty and first produced with a student cast.

While the directors of C. U. Theatre are proud of their record—they would be more than human if they were not—they have shown no tendency to accept the praise that has been showered on them as the reward of success. Instead, they regard it as a challenge. At least, that is what I gathered from a talk with Rev. Gilbert V. Hartke, O.P., the head and guiding spirit of the theatre.

I first saw Father Hartke in his shirtsleeves, with his Roman collar dangling from his wrist, making a strenuous effort to be in two places at once. I had no appointment, and he was obviously trying to maintain his planned schedule and simultaneously give me time for an interview. Somehow, he managed it.

While we were talking, he showed me about the plant. The theatre occupies one wing of an attractive brick building, partly covered with ivy, while lecture-rooms and offices occupy the other wing and the connecting gallery. The production shops, where sets are constructed and costumes fashioned, are below the ground level, along with some rooms where students designing scenery can work over their drawing-boards. Elaborate equipment is conspicuous by its absence, for C. U. Theatre operates on the slenderest of budgets.

I asked Father Hartke how much he had spent to produce *Lute Song*, and was amazed when he replied that he did not remember precisely how much the production had cost, but it was about \$1,000, and could have been less. The cost of the Broadway production was \$150,000. Settings and costumes, he explained, were designed and made by students, and actors were not a payroll problem. Father Hartke did not mention the fact, but it is obvious that C. U. productions do not have to contend with featherbedding by the stage-hands' union.

The two plays presented during the summer festival, each running for three weeks, will be followed by five more during the autumn and winter. All seven will be original works by students and former students. That is the production program for the 1947-48 season, but not a permanent policy. In the future, as in the past, C. U. will present established classics as well as experimental plays by talented students. One thing C. U. will not do. It will not present any second-hand Broadway hits in an effort to prime the box-office.

At C. U. the emphasis is on originality and quality. That is one of the reasons for the theatre's fecundity. Another and stronger reason is that the directors respect the theatre as a vehicle of art and never think of exploiting it as a business. Not that they are starry-eyed innocents who have not yet learned the relationship between drama and bookkeeping. They simply refuse to let bookkeepers occupy the driver's seat.

The final and principal reason for C. U.'s success, I think, is the teamwork of the directors—and not only their teamwork, but their personalities, the kind of people they are, and their slant toward the theatre. I had an opportunity to talk with only two of them, Father Hartke and Walter Kerr. Their knowledge of theatre arts is both comprehensive and profound, and both men are ardent lovers of drama. Their associates must be cut from the same cloth, since it is evident that the people who have made the theatre the nation's foremost experimental stage are a group capable of working together with a minimum of friction.

Catching up with Mr. Kerr was like a race with a body in perpetual motion, and our longest conversation was during a ten-minute period between lectures. He is a young man, probably in the early thirties, with a face that looks much younger, suggesting a stronger interest in sports than esthetics. He is the mentor of students who are ambitious to become playwrights; and several of the original plays produced at C. U. were written by fledglings in his classes. Mr. Kerr himself is the author of *Sing Out, Sweet Land*.

I had noticed a construction job on the campus, and Mr. Kerr explained that the unfinished structure was a new auditorium which, God and the building trades permitting, would be ready for C. U.'s expanding audience in mid-autumn. The present theatre has a capacity of 350, not counting standees. The new theatre will provide seats for approximately double that number. C. U. productions have consistently attracted a larger audience than their playhouse can accommodate in a limited run of three weeks. Longer runs are not feasible, since productions, after all, are integrated in a course of study designed to develop the talents of students looking forward to a career in one of the theatrical arts; and the first consideration is to provide practical experience for the largest possible number of students.

I asked him if he had seen the Broadway version of *Lute Song* and how, in his opinion, it compared with the C. U. production. He replied that the Broadway production was too elaborate and smothered the story in a welter of elegant costumes. He added, as if anticipating my next question, that the Theatre Guild might have made a better job of *Sing Out, Sweet Land*. The play is a pageant of the progress of American folkways from simplicity to sophistication, as reflected in our ballads and popular songs. The Guild, conforming to accepted Broadway practice, made it a star show and, when the star had to leave the production because of other commitments, the box-office came down with pernicious anemia. It doesn't always pay to hitch a production to a star.

Sitting in two of Mr. Kerr's classes, I learned the answers to other questions I wanted to ask. In the earlier class he was lecturing on the technical side of playwriting, and the topic for the day was writers' fatigue—the periods when one's mind becomes blank of ideas. The only cure for the malady, he said, is writing. If the story in hand is too balky, start another story. Write, write and keep on writing, he insisted; and underscored his point with Sinclair Lewis' definition of inspiration: the application of the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair. He did not mention that another remedy for writers' fatigue is a deadline approaching too close for comfort. In less than an hour Mr. Kerr's students were taught tricks of their trade which most writers learn from years of experience.



In a later class Mr. Kerr lectured on dramatic theory, devoting most of his talk to clarifying the definitions of tragedy, comedy, farce and melodrama. It was an enlightening discourse on the substance, the structure and the principles of drama that revealed an eclectic knowledge of the art, with conspicuous departures from common theory, which made for much stimulation.

It is not difficult to understand why C. U. graduates leave the school prepared for early success. They come out of Mr. Kerr's classes equipped with invaluable know-how; they have learned the value of hard work and are imbued with respect for authority without slavish genuflections to tradition. But C. U. is doing something bigger and more significant than preparing its students for professional success and serving as a laboratory for Broadway and Hollywood. The importance of what C. U. is doing can be illustrated by again referring to *Lute Song* and *Sing Out, Sweet Land*. At C. U. *Lute Song* was presented as drama; Broadway made it a spectacle. The Theatre Guild virtually ignored the poetry and color in *Sing Out, Sweet Land* and used it as a showcase for the talents of a popular entertainer.

There is a kind of Gresham's law operating in the professional theatre that is depreciating drama and driving the higher spiritual values out of existence. *Street Scene* becomes opera, and *Liliom* becomes *Carousel*. The trend is from drama to theatre to circus. The play becomes a script, the dramatist fades out of the picture and the director takes over as the number-one man in the theatre, assisted by the scene designer, the ballet master and Bergdorf Goodman. The trend from drama to spectacle, which Eric Bentley calls theatricalism, has occurred before. There are periods—and the present appears to be one of them—when the theatre seems determined to commit suicide; for when drama is crowded out of the theatre the theatre itself dies.

Bentley predicts that if the present trend in the theatre continues, drama will be forced to retire to the library, the little theatres and the college stage. In C. U., drama will find a hospitable haven.

# Books

## Philosophies behind stories

### THE PEARL

By John Steinbeck. Viking. 122p. \$2

### THE VICTIM

By Saul Bellow. Vanguard. 294p. \$2.75

Both these books have a moderate importance from the fact that they pose the question—"what is man?"—and give their answer in their respective stylistically oblique way. Neither of the books, of course, either posits the question or states the solution in baldly didactic terms. *The Pearl* is on the surface the retelling of ancient folktale theme—a poor man discovers wealth but it brings him only misery and tragedy until he abandons it freely and reverts to his original simple state. And *The Victim* treats a topic that again is old in literature—that of the unwelcome guest with a fancied grievance who becomes the albatross around the neck of his prey. But each of the tales rests on what seems to me a basic philosophy of human nature. Each of the philosophies is inadequate.

Steinbeck's small tale is a very, very welcome relief from the sensational trash he had been spawning of late. It is a warm, sympathetic return to his *Tortilla Flat* style, and it is relieved of the realism that dotted that earlier book. It is masterly in its economy, swift in its movement and fresh in its descriptions. It is, however, tinged with sentimentality, especially in the stunt of surrounding the central theme with a bit of phony mysticism. But it is Steinbeck at his best.

A Mexican pearl-diver finds a great pearl, and he and his wife need it desperately for their sick son. But when he tries to sell it, envy and greed force them to flee; they are followed, his child is killed; they return home, throw the pearl back into the sea, and take up again their primitive life.

What is wrong with Steinbeck's best? His treatment of primitive peoples, of peasants and peons, though it is generous and sympathetic, always rests, I think, on the naturalism of a Rousseau—unspoiled nature is always good; the less civilized man is, the better he is; the little people of the world, the "common man," simply because he is the common man, has some marvelous qual-

ity about him. This pure naturalism, unsound in itself, accounts for the inescapable note of sentimentality that rings through all of Steinbeck.

*The Victim* tells of a hard-working, not too attractive Jew who finds himself the unwilling host, in his wife's absence, to a Gentile semi-derelict who fancies that the Jew had schemed to ruin him. The Jew gets so mentally and emotionally confused that he begins to wonder if he actually hadn't done the mean deed. It is a story rather on the tense side, but it sags badly toward the end; the stage is all set, the motives all in gear, for an explosive finale, when the author retreats into a happy ending.

Mr. Bellow seems to me to be giving us his thesis that man is but a creature of circumstance. Asa Leventhal had all unwittingly dropped a pebble into the pond of his and Allbee's life, and what happened after that took place uncontrollably. Man proposes, fate disposes.

Both books are enjoyable reading; *The Pearl* is the more companionable piece, whereas *The Victim* bores at times by its talkativeness. Both seem to me good examples of some unsound thinking—or perhaps better, assumptions, that lie at the base of much otherwise good American writing.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

## Beginning . . . and an ender

### THIS IS PEARL!

By Walter Millis. Morrow. 373p. \$4

The race is not always to the swift. Before attempting to reduce to order the thousand-and-one incidents which led to the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Mr. Millis wisely waited until all the evidence was in. When he began his task, he had access to forty volumes containing the reports of the several congressional investigations, besides valuable diaries, books and documents.

The aim of the author is to provide a historical record of events: he does not set himself up as judge to establish guilt. "The book," he writes, "maintains no thesis: it is motivated by no impulse either to attack or defend any of the characters involved. I have done my best to let the facts speak for themselves."

Reviewing briefly the history of our relations with Japan, which began when the black ships of Admiral Perry appeared off Tokyo, he goes on to describe the growing tensions in recent times between our Government and Japan. These were accentuated in 1931

by the Mukden Incident, which Japan used as a pretext for the rape of Manchuria. Again, in 1937, when at Marco Polo bridge the war with China began, the United States pledged support to China. Then ensued the long battle of the diplomats, with Secretary of State Hull valiantly directing our foreign policy in Washington and Ambassador Grew acting as our spokesman in Tokyo.

War came to Europe in 1939 with the invasion of Poland. The next year Mr. Saburō Kurusu, representing Japan at Berlin, made the fatal blunder of signing an alliance with the Axis Powers. Had the Japanese statesmen, with traditional Oriental patience, remained sitting on the fence until the tide turned against Hitler before Moscow, they would have saved their country a tremendous humiliation.

But youth was in the saddle: the military clique ousted the subtle Prince Konoye and put in his place as Prime Minister the terrible Tojo. "Magic," the name given the secret Japanese messages which our Intelligence were decoding, warned Secretary Hull that war was imminent.

The book, while describing our military preparations at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines, has more to say about diplomats than generals. Now we can understand why President Roosevelt was so slow in cutting off from Japan supplies of oil and scrap iron. The whole world was at war; we were unprepared. Secretary Hull had to dissemble his wrath and play for time.

Confronted with a formidable and chaotic mass of materials, the author achieves clearness and produces a readable record. The book deserves a place in the American History section of the library.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

## ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY

By Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, USN, and Lt. Comm. J. Bryan, III, USNR. McGraw-Hill. 310p. \$4.

Those who read this book in order to find the hell fire and brimstone usually associated with Admiral Halsey will be greatly disappointed. In fact, this is definitely one of the "milder" war books. True, it does contain a small amount of profanity, and also the statement regarding a fighting man's relation to alcohol and tobacco to which the Methodist group took exception. Even that statement, however, was really mildly worded. Admiral Halsey has been aided by Lt. Comm. Bryan,

former *Saturday Evening Post* editor, who saw service in the South Pacific, and wrote *Mission Beyond Darkness*.

Now retired, at 65, Admiral Halsey wishes us to understand that life reached its climax for him on August 29, 1945, at 9:25 A.M. At that moment his flagship, the *Missouri*, was steaming into Tokyo Bay. Halsey was Commander of the Third Fleet, the naval force operating in that area. In his words, this was the high point because: "For forty-five years my career in the United States Navy had been building toward that moment. Now those years

were fulfilled and justified." He regrets the "fake and flamboyant" nickname of "Bull" given to him by newspaper correspondents. Moreover, his *Story* is, as he observes, more of a report than an autobiography.

Packed into the book's three hundred pages, Halsey has also included an account of his earlier years at Annapolis and in the Navy. Naturally, most of the book is devoted to events since Pearl Harbor. Halsey is outspoken in his praise of Rear Admiral Kimmel, in charge of naval forces at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. He adds, how-

ever, that "even an ideal man can't do a job without proper tools, and Kimmel did not have them. . . . Kimmel had neither sufficient planes nor an adequate scouting force." But who was responsible for that lack of equipment and men? Halsey has not a word of criticism for the military or the naval command, nor for the high command at Washington. He says that the American people were to blame. To take such an untenable position is to maintain that no Administration in our history has ever made any mistakes. By such logic, we should never bother to change parties or Presidents. Halsey's unwillingness to criticize, even at this late date, any of the war strategy, extends to such an extreme position as a defense of the tragic Doolittle raid.

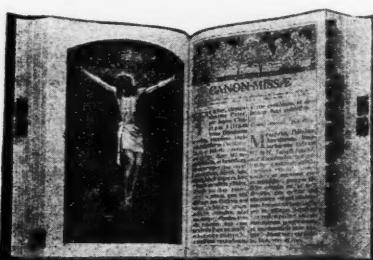
Excellent and objective accounts are given of many naval duels. One such affair is that known as the battle of Santa Cruz, in October, 1942. Halsey is willing to admit that the Japanese were able to put the carrier *Hornet* completely out of commission with an attack which lasted but ten minutes. In general, however, we find Halsey expressing contempt for—and at all times distrust of—the Japanese. He mentions bitterly the atrocities committed by them. He is of the opinion that the Japanese were so weak that they were on the verge of capitulation before the atomic bombs were dropped in August, 1945. According to Halsey, his relations with MacArthur were consistently friendly. The story ends on April 1, 1947, when Halsey pulled down his flag on the *South Dakota* and retired from active duty.

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### THE MISSOURI VALLEY: LAND OF DROUGHT, FLOOD, AND PROMISE

By Rufus Tarr. Yale University Press. 274p. \$3.75

Developing the Missouri Valley, 529,350 square miles in ten States and home of 8,000,000 Americans, would cost at least a billion dollars. Not developing it is more costly still: a \$50-million loss from a single flood, and no improvement shown for the expenditure; the ruin of millions of acres of wheat and corn crops; continuing poverty, insecurity, and actual danger in a land deprived of flood control, lacking navigation and power along one of the world's largest and most powerful rivers and unwatered in its arid vast-

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ness by the turbid floods that rush by each year. Obviously the Missouri Valley must be developed. There the story does not end, but only begins in Mr. Terral's excellent exposition of the whole Missouri Valley question.

Particular interests are fighting for special plums in the valley, and the competition has all the effects of a civil war. For each thwarts the other, and meanwhile the valley continues its way of ruin.

Before Mr. Terral brings the reader to a close-up view of this battle for controlling the Missouri Valley's development, he tells interestingly and provocatively the saga of the valley and the rolling floods of the errant river. There is the story of the valley's people, pioneers all, cattlemen and farmers, their rise and fall in the rotating periods of boom and bust. And there is the epic of the mighty Missouri itself, destroyer of cities, choosing and changing its own course, making some towns and breaking others, clogging water systems and tumbling bridges, changing State boundaries, and even throwing one island onto another in its sweeping rush from the hills of Montana to its mouth on the Mississippi 2,640 miles away. Land and water, grasses and trees, water laws and wild wells, all

have their own vital chapter in the saga. At the book's end, the reader agrees that the monster must be tamed to do man's bidding.

Some men, though, want to tame it for irrigation. That is the aim of the Department of the Interior's Reclamation Bureau, champion for the most part of the upper valley States. Others want it for navigation and defense, over the scheming protests of fearful railroad interests. That aim is plugged by the War Department's Army Engineers, darlings of the lower States. Both groups want it for power, but on terms unacceptable to each other. Unfortunately, each group is restricted by law, as well as by interest, to its own special objectives. The resulting confusion has been and is as inevitable as costly.

Such is the background of the proposed Missouri Valley Authority. Desirous of stopping the fiddles while Rome burns, of arresting conflict while the territory rots in arid death, several broad-visioned men have tried to gain for the Missouri Valley what the Tennessee Valley achieved under the famed Tennessee Valley Authority. Senator Murray of Montana introduced a bill to that effect, which has been tossed about like a football ever since. It proposes an impartial, comprehensive study and subsequent treatment of all the needs and interests of the valley in a mutually cooperative way under an MVA.

Oddly enough, or perhaps naturally, those two arch-enemies, Reclamation and Engineers, joined in a shotgun wedding of convenience to prevent this interruption of their own private feud. Their mutual wedding gift consisted in approval for each to do whatever it wanted without any opposition from the other—at the proposed cost of some \$150,000,000 to the public, who would pay for their happiness of duplication. Editors up and down the valley joined the battle for or against an MVA. Several apparently disinterested papers, like the conservative *New York Times*, the liberal *Washington Post*, and the forward looking *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, viewed the proposed bill favorably. The bill is due for consideration in Congress again next spring.

Mr. Terral has done an attractive, interesting and informative job. Anyone desirous of introducing himself satisfactorily to the problem, anyone ill-informed but interested in this vital problem in American life, should read the book. One remark about the wealth-seeking Jesuit of early valley days (p. 2) is more amusing than detracting.

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Inadequate attention is paid to but one important phase of the problem, the thorny political question of centralized control as opposed to State supremacy, though the advantages and defects of government corporations are well exposed in chapter XX.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER

## THE PERSON OF JESUS

By Father James, O.F.M.Cap. Newman Bookshop. 126p.

## THE MOTHER OF JESUS

By Father James, O.F.M.Cap. Newman Bookshop, 159p.

Although the literature on Our Lord is vast, we welcome a spiritual book which brings new realization of the dignity of His person, fresh admiration for His inner life and solid food for meditative thought. These essays on the personality of Christ do just that. *The Person of Jesus* is not strictly biography, but there is a thin thread of gospel sequence with special emphasis on Christ's interior spirit. The chapter on Our Lord's prayer will be particularly enlightening to those who wonder what He did on the many occasions when He went apart to commune with His Father.

The union between humanity and God is the theme of these essays; constantly recurring, it impresses upon the reader the heights to which human nature was called in the Word made flesh. In a chapter on sacrifice, the religious profession is linked with the Sacrifice of the Mass and the value of the vows of religion in the life of the Church is explained. Many other keen observations on Christ's preaching, His selection of disciples, His spirit of compassion and on our intimacy with Him make this book excellent and profitable.

With equal depth and acumen Father James approaches the gifts bestowed upon Mary in virtue of her divine motherhood. Prayer and thought about her would be rather superficial if we regarded merely her physical maternity and neglected God's complete possession of her through the Immaculate Conception, her virginal motherhood and her offices of mediatrix and queen. On all of these the author writes compellingly and with theological penetration. The Fathers of the Church, St. Thomas and other theologians are presented as witnesses to the traditional teaching on her prerogatives. In this light the rare appearances of Mary on the gospel scene receive a deep and

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wide spiritual significance. Her fiat brought about the wedding of divinity and humanity. It is this union which the author never lets us forget in viewing Mary's greatness; and for this reason he devotes an entire chapter to her as the pre-ordained.

If the reader is looking for an imaginative presentation of possible historical events in the life of Mary, this book might be a disappointment. But if he is seeking a wealth of solid theological doctrine for prayer and thought, his expectations will here be met.

J. W. MICHELMAN, S.J.

## The Word

SOME OF THE FATHERS OF THE Church had the beautiful custom of referring to the Scriptures as letters from the Heavenly Father to us, His children, who are still exiles and wayfarers. In the dawn of the world, Chrysostom says, God walked familiarly with man, communicated directly with him: but man cut himself off, became unworthy of that high intimacy and, after that, God dealt with him aloofly, through the words of prophets and hagiographers. From that distant city to which we bend our steps, Augustine writes, come letters to us, the pages of Holy Writ. Now this is no mere pious fancy, but one mode of expressing a profound truth. For the fact of the matter is that God is the primary and the principal author of Scripture, while the prophet or evangelist is the secondary and instrumental amanuensis. So we find St. Paul, in the epistle for the second Sunday in Advent, assuring us, "whatever things have been written, have been written for our instruction, that through the patience and the consolation afforded by the Scriptures we may have hope."

In a great letter on the study and reading of Scripture, Benedict XV quotes that phrase, "consolation afforded by the Scriptures," and praises the saintly and learned men who, in every age, have arisen to open up by their zeal and scholarship the treasures of the Bible to the people. One of the commonest calumnies against the Church is that she discourages the reading of the Bible. She is, of course, maternally alert lest her children read loose or inaccurate versions; she superintends the sacred text with the reverence which God's words deserve;

she admits that certain passages need explanation and encourages her scholars to clear up obscurities; she tries to defend us from the fatal attitude of private interpretation with all its contradictory consequences. But she has never ceased to hold out the sacred books to us as an inexhaustible treasure of instruction and solace. Benedict writes: "Hence, as far as in us lies, we . . . shall . . . never desist from urging the faithful to read daily the Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles, so as to gather thence food for their souls." Pius X was of the same mind; Leo XII granted an indulgence to those who daily read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour.

The trouble with the New Testament, said Chesterton, is that it is no longer *new*. We have come to take it for granted; we hear a fragment of it read in the Holy Sacrifice, but never attempt to explore it ourselves. Perhaps that is why we know so little about Christ—and little knowledge means little love. "Ignorance of the Bible," wrote Jerome, "means ignorance of Christ"—a judgment which Pope Benedict XV quoted approvingly. We all have the obligation of prayer and spiritual reading; Catholicism is not merely a matter of rushing around doing good, back and forth, to and fro, with the tireless energy, range, scope and depth of a windshield-wiper. Catholicism is a deep force within, to be increased by prayer and the knowledge of Christ.

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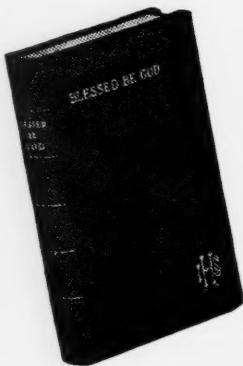
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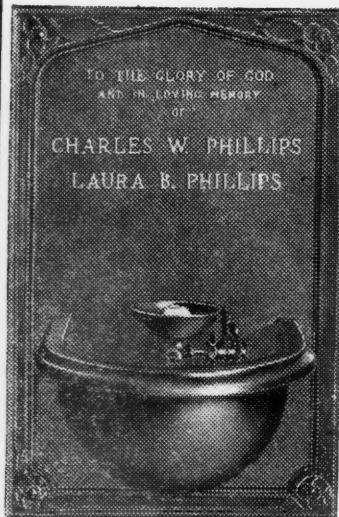
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all around you like a sea, He is within you if you are in the state of grace. Advert consciously to His presence, ask Him for light to see the truth, strength to embrace it, for the grace you personally need. Then open and read. This is God's letter to you, and it well might be called a love letter since its every page records His love for you. Read it as you would a love letter, slowly, savoring every phrase, searching for every nuance, seeking every implication.

Specifically now in Advent, how could one better employ himself than in reading St. Luke's first two chapters, derived from Our Lady, whom Jerome called "the library of the Apostles"? The Middle Ages termed those chapters "the golden gospel" and they can immeasurably enrich your soul, enlarge your heart.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

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THE EXILE. Seemingly intent on duplicating the superman gallantry and athletic prowess of his late father's screen roles, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. has become his own producer and author. The high-minded hero of his maiden effort at screen writing is, fantastic to relate, none other than Charles II. Dealing with the monarch's days of exile just before the Restoration, history as interpreted by Mr. Fairbanks relates how he fell in love with a beautiful farm girl among the tulips of Holland. This idyllic romance was interrupted periodically while the young king acrobatically thwarted Roundhead plots to assassinate him, and ended tearfully as the monarchy was restored and Charles was appraised that the duties of kingship transcended personal happiness. As a swashbuckling romance this is ponderous, dated, two-dimensional but, unless one becomes unduly alarmed by historical implications, innocuous enough for the family. Paule Croset is the natural-looking heroine, and Maria Montez appears briefly as a vain countess who might be a spy. Fairbanks, the production supervisor, has managed costumes, settings and other physical details with authenticity and rare good taste. (*Universal-International*)

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"private eye" melodrama reaches an ultimate degree of toughness and confusion in this latest addition to a waning and overworked cycle. From its opening sequence in a small-town gas station (which bears more than generic resemblance to *The Killers*) to a corpse-laden finale which puts Hamlet to shame, it deals exclusively with characters bent on double-crossing one another. The prize is a large sum of money and some incriminating papers, the contestants two "shamus" with more brains than morals, a couple of no-good dames and some penthouse racketeers with their simian trigger-men; the object of the game is to eliminate the opposition by sticking them with a few handy murder raps. Since everybody is admittedly using speech to mislead, and also talking in an underworld jargon which has very little connection with everyday English, the various plot twists are almost impossible to follow. *Adults* should find it hardly worth the effort. Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer and Kirk Douglas head the hard-boiled and short-lived cast. (RKO)

IT HAD TO BE YOU. Coming under the loose heading of fantasy because one of the chief male characters is nothing but the product of the heroine's sub-conscious mind, this elaborate farce extracts a maximum of strained bedroom innuendo out of the leading lady's frantic efforts to explain the human-seeming specter to her suspicious relatives. Nothing but a complicated device for legitimizing otherwise improper comedy, the "dream man" business gets out of hand occasionally and two other supposedly funny situations—the heroine's failure to complete the marriage ceremony with three different fiancés, and her amorous pursuit of a stranger—are in spectacularly *bad taste*. Ginger Rogers overacts painfully, while Cornel Wilde fans will have the dubious pleasure of seeing their boy in a dual role. (Columbia)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER. Foolish Victorian ladies who discover that the handsome stranger they marry is a homicidal maniac digging their grave in the cellar of the honeymoon cottage have been exploited *ad nauseam*. The latest version, with highly mannered performances by Sylvia Sidney and John Hodiak and the conventional atmospheric trappings of a thriller, lacks any semblance of an original twist and is not likely to evoke anything but polite yawns from its *adult* audience. (Eagle-Lion)

MOIRA WALSH



## THE FUGITIVE

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Because JOHN FORD is a realist as well as an artist, perhaps no other director could have brought "THE FUGITIVE" to the screen with such believable dramatic emotion. Three-time winner of the Academy Award, JOHN FORD will be remembered for these pictures of comparable greatness: "The Informer," "The Hurricane," "Stagecoach," "Grapes of Wrath," "The Long Voyage Home," "How Green Was My Valley," "They Were Expendable."

"THE FUGITIVE" stars Henry Fonda, Dolores del Rio and Pedro Armendariz with J. Carroll Naish, Leo Carrillo, Robert Armstrong, John Qualen and Ward Bond. Dudley Nichols wrote the screenplay. The musical score and musical direction were in the hands of Richard Hageman.

"THE FUGITIVE" was made entirely in Mexico at the kind invitation of the Mexican Government and of the Mexican motion picture industry. Director Ford was assisted by the brilliant work of Associate Producer, Emilio Fernandez, and Cinematographer, Gabriel Figueroa, twice winner of the Cannes International Award for "Best Photography." JOHN FORD and MERIAN C. COOPER present their first Argosy Pictures Production through RKO Radio Pictures.

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### Jesus, Son of Mary

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## Theatre

**EASTWARD IN EDEN.** Somehow, I have never been as interested in Emily Dickinson's poetry as in the works of at least a dozen other American poets I might mention; say, Vachel Lindsay, Joyce Kilmer, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Paul Laurence Dunbar. My indifference, perhaps, is the result of not reading too many of her poems. From the few I have read—so long ago that I have forgotten where I encountered them—I gained the impression that the author was gifted with a grace of expression that gives a trite thought the appearance of originality, tintured with the kind of adolescent skepticism that reminds one of a cynical motion-picture fan who refuses to believe Clark Gable exists until he makes a personal appearance in the Paramount.

While my interest in Emily Dickinson, the poet, has never been more than tepid, my interest in Emily Dickinson, the woman, has never been higher than zero. I have never been curious about her ancestry, her bank-balance, or why she never married. Some women choose spinsterhood while others are frustrated in their efforts to snare an eligible male.

Emily Dickinson had the hard luck to fall in love with a man who was already married, and that is the meat of the current play in the Royale, written by Dorothy Gardner, produced by Nancy Stern. Donald Oenslager designed the sets and costumes. Since I was not lucky enough to be living in the 1850's, I take his word for it that his reproduction of the house furnishings and apparel of the period is authentic. If I were not a congenitally timid man, I would say Ellen Van

Valkenburg's direction is excellent, which is probably not the best adjective to use in connection with the business of welding several actors of varying abilities and temperaments into a team.

Beatrice Straight, in the leading role, makes the character convincing; first as a passionate young woman and finally as a picturesque recluse. Onslow Stevens is persuasive as the forbidden man. Supporting roles are in competent hands, with hardly an inept inflection or vagrant gesture to distract attention from Emily Dickinson's love story.

It is not an exciting story, and does not enhance the luster of her memory. Many young women are frustrated in their first love, but manage to find other men suitable for marriage with whom they share normal and reasonably happy lives. That her poetry was a sublimation of her baffled love is a pretty theory but difficult to prove, since other women with literary talent have written poetry or fiction between peeling potatoes and washing diapers. Could it be that Miss Dickinson, as some of her neighbors suspected, was a little touched in the head?

In *Eastward In Eden*, Miss Dickinson is the single sane person in a slightly haywire world. Dorothy Gardner has dramatized her romance with affection and tenderness, and made a warm and beautiful play of it. The play would be quite as beautiful if the heroine were named Jane Doe instead of Emily Dickinson.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

## Parade

ARE THE SOCIAL HABITS OF THE first half of the twentieth century in process of sweeping change? . . . Some of the week's events seemed to indicate that such a process was under way. . . .

Horses cantering through the night must wear head-lights and tail-lights, the Town Board of Hempstead, N. Y., decreed. . . . Five hundred prominent citizens were named honorary dog-catchers by the mayor of Auburn, Maine. . . . The cost of going bankrupt seemed rising above the reach of ordinary purses. . . . In New Haven, Conn., the fee for filing bankruptcy petitions in Federal Court was increased from thirty dollars to forty-five. . . . Eating habits were beginning to

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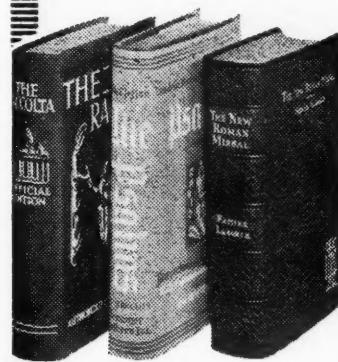
look unlike anything known in the past. . . . In Pennsylvania, a miner disclosed he had started a mule-meat regimen. . . . In Kansas State Prison, doctors performing an operation took three pounds of metal objects—including nails, screws, washers, bolts and thumbtacks—from the stomach of an inmate. . . . The troubles of tenants appeared to be growing worse and worse. . . . When a Detroit tenant complained to his landlady that his room was too cold, and asked for more heat, she dumped a pot of boiling water over his head. . . . Unusual occupations were emerging. . . . In a Columbus, O., department store, an employe spends the whole day sliding down a chute—and gets paid for it. The chute, which extends from the top of the building to the basement, is thus kept free from package jams. . . . New reasons for tax rebates were popping up. . . . In England, a landlord applied for tax reductions on the ground that the ghosts of two murdered lovers were haunting his house, thus making the place seem less desirable to prospective tenants. In striking contrast to the trend which appeared to foreshadow change, other events created the impression that social habits are by no means in process of becoming something new and dif-

ferent. . . . When a Los Angeles citizen approached a parked auto, bearing a sign: "For Sale," the two occupants took him for a demonstration ride, robbed him of \$1,600, tossed him out, kept the car. . . . Types of accidents showed little change. . . . In Illinois, a kitchen-stove exploded, caused no damage. The next day it exploded again, broke off a leg from the table, spilled the dishes. Two days later, it exploded once more, blasted the other three legs from the table. . . . Court actions showed nothing new. In Los Angeles, an autoist sued a service-station owner, charged he did not know his car was seven feet in the air on a grease-rack when he stepped out through the car door.

Behavior patterns may be unpredictable, but there is an unchanging criterion for ascertaining whether a man is a success in life or not. . . . The criterion is this: is a man ordering his life according to the will of God, or according to his own pleasure and convenience? . . . This criterion will be the same all through the twentieth century; all through the twenty-first century; all through every century down to the end of time.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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whereas this spring he was receiving 71c." This is a 33½-per-cent increase expressed in cents. Translate that into the total dollar amount expended for meat consumption and you will have a figure that makes the packers' profits look infinitesimal.

With respect to the profits of Armour & Co., I think it would have been only fair to relate these profits to sales and profit per pound of product. For the year 1946 the net profit of Armour & Co. per dollar of sales was 2.6 per cent. The net profit per pound of product was 5/9 of a cent, and the net profit per pound of meat product was 1/3 of a cent. Armour's 1946 report shows that domestic meat sales constituted 61 per cent of total sales but contributed only 32 per cent of the total net earnings. In the year 1945 profit per dollar of sales was 3/4 of a cent, earnings per pound of product 1/10 of a cent. Obviously packers' profits have little to do with meat-price levels. Incidentally, Armour & Co. have paid no dividends on their common stock since 1937.

It might also be well to bring out that Federal taxes for Armour & Co. in the year 1945 amounted to almost twice as much as profits, and in the year 1946 were slightly less than profits. In other words, in 1946 the Government took better than 2 cents out of every dollar of sales, which funds are being used to subsidize the farmer and others on items whose prices we are complaining about.

Most important of all, your editor neglected to state the real cause of high prices: that in order to finance the most costly war in history it was necessary to bring about a substantial degree of inflation, which resulted in approximately trebling the amount of money in the hands of the public without any comparable increase in the volume of goods.

W. G. DOOLEY

River Forest, Ill.

*[The point we were concerned with in the editorial is the responsibility for the jump in meat prices between June, 1946 and the present time. The facts are that the farmer is receiving a smaller share today of the consumer's meat dollar than he was under OPA; that wage earners in manufacturing industries are receiving less in real wages than they did in the summer of 1946 (which indicates that demand is unchanged); that the supply of meat has been maintained; that the net profits of the Big Four meat packers*

*have skyrocketed over 1945 levels. The argument about money supply is irrelevant, since the same factor was present before June, 1946. What the conclusion may be from these facts, which are admittedly incomplete, we do not know. They suggest that the packers, despite low margins of profits on sales, are mostly to blame for the spurt in meat prices since June, 1946. But as we said in the editorial: "While these observations do not settle the argument, they may be of some help to the confused and angry consumer."—EDITOR]*

### Catholic aid to Europe

EDITOR: In your issue of November 15 Messrs. George E. Moore and Joseph A. Becker contrast Catholic with Protestant contributions for relief in Europe. In the comparison Catholics seem to be less generous.

Without intending to discourage increased aid to Europe, which I believe to be vitally necessary, may I make two remarks?

1. Catholics already give admirable support to a huge system of churches, schools, rectories, convents, seminaries, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and poor, as well as to a vast network of missions in every part of the world.

2. In addition to assistance sent to Europe through the official agencies, Catholics have made great contributions to American religious communities for the assistance of European *confrères*. As one who was officially connected with the National Jesuit Fund, raised to help Jesuits and their flocks in Europe, I can testify to the splendid charity of American Catholics who have received all too little gratitude.

FRANCIS J. CORLEY, S.J.  
St. Louis, Mo.

### Prices and profits

EDITOR: Father Masse's interesting article, "Another chance for private enterprise" (AMERICA, Nov. 10), provokes this friendly letter.

First, let me say that I believe he is too cheerful if he anticipates that the same people—NAM, etc.—who forced the abandonment of price control prematurely in 1946 will give more than lip service to any program, devised by either of the political parties, which will prove effective in not only controlling inflation but also in giving the lower income groups a break during the present era of excessive prices.

After four years of close observation of business operating under price con-

trol, I find that the majority of businessmen had their eyes on the profit end of the business even during the periods when our economic and military bastions were almost at the breaking point. I know of one concern that earned better than twelve per cent net annually in the years 1941-45, and which had better than fifty per cent of its net quick assets in Governments and cash in 1945. Yet the management of that concern wanted to increase its prices because they "noted a tendency for volume to drop off." Another concern was earning twice the average net profit of the industry, yet was not satisfied with its profits and prices. Other illustrations too numerous to mention here might easily be given to prove the point.

I have seen enough of business greed and lip service to patriotism in these last few years almost to lose faith in private enterprise. If we had more talk about a "just price" for goods, I would think we were getting somewhere. Hereabouts, in our main industries, both management and labor are acting selfishly. They are digging their own economic graves, but they seem not to realize it. Both appear to want to get all that the traffic will bear—and then some.

Perhaps one fact which makes me cynical is this: too many of our Catholic businessmen appear to be just as mercenary as those of other persuasions. The dollar is almighty in their creed. And, further, it is pitiful to witness their blind allegiance to those they consider the "big shots" in business.

Not until we all realize that 1939-45 were truly abnormal years, and that even 1946 and 1947 are abnormal years—in that our present conditions are directly due to the war—will we begin to get back to our senses in a business way. Nor will we be normal until we stop talking about supply and demand when we all know that supply is down because of the war and demand is up for the same reason. Prices based on a situation of that kind are not just prices, and even at the risk of lower profits we must get prices down, or we may have plenty of high prices but no business activity to support sales and profits, labor and management.

Keep up your good work. Give your readers the truth, as you know it, and perhaps enough will act to save the situation before we are beyond salvation in an economic sense.

JAMES H. COLGAN  
Woonsocket, R. I.

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